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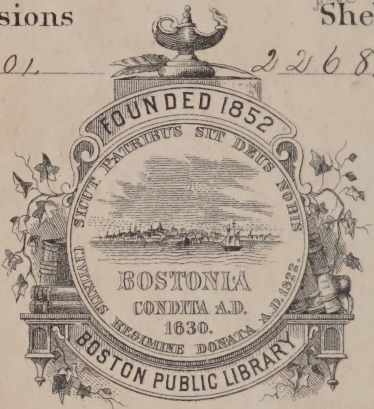

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EUROPEAN BREEZES

BY

MARIE J. PITMAN

(MARGERY DEANE)

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B. H.

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This Little Book

(WISHING IT WERE WORTHIER)

I DEDICATE

TO MY MOTHER,

WHO, IN LOVING THOUGHT, WAS WITH

ME EVERYWHERE.

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INTRODUCTION.

I WISH that I might feel sure that no reader of this book skips this introductory chapter.

I want it understood at the outset that this is no book of travels, and that I have purposely avoided any attempts at fine writing. In the drama of travelling there are bits of by-play, thought by most writers to be too insignificant to be gathered up and put into print; yet, trite as it is, how true is it that it is the little things in life that make its whole, whether for our joy or our pain! I have fancied that these small things by the way might be readable, though I fear there is very little wit and no wisdom in my manner of relation. It is only these usually-passed-over trifles, personal incidents, some of the ways

and manners that to us are strange, of people of other lands; some minor details — yes, even to food and figures — of a foreign tour, that I have transcribed here.

Yet when you shall have finished this book of small things, put me not down, I beg you, as one unappreciative of the wonders we go forth over the water to see. Think not, because I describe no cathedrals and mention no pictures, that I do not love both; but what have I to say of either that shall add to the value of their literature already at hand, and of which some of us long ago cried "enough"?

I, too, live two lives, as must every one who has gone over the Old World, — one in this rushing, hurrying, beautiful America; the other in memories of dim aisles, before great canvases; hearing the soft, soothing music of Alpine falling streams; seeing, with closed eyes, the everlasting snow-crowned mountains, pressed by no human foot; walking, though motionless, through the green vineyards and in the happy valleys of the land of gleaming

statues and glowing walls, the home of the orange-blossom and the passion-flower.

Oh, the subtle mystery of association! The perfume of violets in the air, and I am in fair Florence, and Rosetta flits about me, scattering the breath of her floral wares as I pass over the Ponte Vecchio. A strain of minor music, and again I am on far-away Hungarian hills, and beside me kneels the gypsy, with his plaintive, heart-breaking cymbal. A French word dropped in our streets, and my feet are on the boulevards of Paris, or I, in my fancy, view the Champs Elysées in its midnight glitter with quicker-beating heart, feeling again, as when I brushed against them, the excitability of its people.

Thank God for memory! — memory that holds music, so that in the twilight of the summer night there tremble on the air the *aves* of sweet-voiced nuns in convent cloisters; the *vox humana* of Freibourg's divine organ; the bewildering waltzes of Vienna; the maddening *Rakoczy;* the tender cry of the nightingale; the song of the gondolier; and the

sound of the guitar, as it accompanies the minstrel, who tells in rhyme his love for his *bella Napoli*, — all thousands of miles away.

Thank God for imagination! — that imagination which enables me, with shut eyes and ears, here in my own harbor, to drift on other waters, so distant that the night lingers long in its coming to me after it has fallen upon them; on the Adriatic, that once proudest of bridegrooms; on the blue bay of Naples, with the fearful fire of Vesuvius burning ever against the heavens; down the Danube, through that land of strangely-blended melancholy and joy, beneath the sky in which to-day men believe there still linger the mad cries of the Huns in battle; up the Rhine, in the glow of a sunset as purple and as golden as the fruit and the wine upon its beautiful banks. Here at home have I moonlight hours upon the Elbe, misty mornings upon the Seine, strange moments in Capri's cave, and the songs of the Como wine-pressers fall upon my ear.

I went out into the world, and wooed it and

won it, so that now it comes to me, — comes to me in this room of mine, which one day holds the Wartburg, ay, and all the Thüringian Forest, above which the stately mediæval castle stands as sturdy sentinel; and another day, mayhap, within these walls of mine, the Appian Way stretches its long length out, and I, still between my walls, go down this street of the dead yet of the living. I find it not difficult, even in the New World's bustle, to stand at times, hushed and reverent, at the tombs of Raphael and of Dante, by the graves of Keats and of Göthe and of Luther; to tarry a while beneath the fig-tree and the olive of the passionate South, under the midnight sun of the North, or in the border-land of the Orient. But men and women have long written of all these things; and poets have sung of them *con amore* since the days they were. Happy he who lives in the reality of the grand New World, and in the memory of the grand Old World!

Did I not solemnly vow, when I went to Europe, *not* to write a book about it? But

this has grown out of some newspaper articles and letters to friends. If the reader finds in it no pretence to any thing more than the record of the most trifling of travelling experiences in strange countries, and a desire to give some helpful, practical suggestions to others going abroad, I shall not be sorry.

M. D.

NEWPORT, R.I.,
1882.

EUROPEAN BREEZES.

ON THE SEA.

ONE day one of the dearest women in the world — from the *Vaterland* — said to me, "Come with me to visit my people in the old country." For a few days I spun like a top; then there were some good-bys, mostly through the telephone, and I remember a great many flowers, and a few tears, and the clinking of English gold which replaced rag-money in my purse; and there was a flutter of white handkerchiefs on the pier, and I was on the sea.

Providence rather unkindly plunged us into a storm before we were an hour out. I had a vague idea that ships were expected to stand on end half the time when really at sea; so I felt no alarm, but was

sufficiently absorbed as to have no time for regrets for those left behind me. After the excitement of seeing dear faces and familiar places grow dim behind us, there were all things to be made ready, and by that time dinner was served. It had grown dark, and so rough that dinner did not accord with my feelings; and I left the table, and went to bed. Almost for the first time in my grown-up life, I felt a freedom from any care or responsibility; and I soon fell asleep. I awoke about one o'clock, and found it difficult to keep my berth, while every article in the cabin was flying about like mad; my ulster on the opposite wall, every other second, stood at right angles with it; the noise was something terrific. I sat up and looked about me, and for a moment wished I had never undertaken a sea-voyage, if it were of this sort. I struggled with seasickness for a half-hour, and went to sleep again.

I was awakened in the morning by the stewardess, who in the most sympathetic of voices asked, "My poor child, how *are* you?" — "Why! I am all right," I said, starting up, a wonder flitting across my

mind as to which part of the ship pretended to be in the water the greater part of the time. "*Liebe Gott!* I am glad if *somebody* is all right. I have been thrown down, and have hurt myself; one lady faints away every five minutes; *everybody* is sick. Oh, it is fearful to have such a dreadful storm as this the first night out!"

"Dear me!" I exclaimed; "and is it still storming? I thought it was the usual order of things at sea, and would be so all the way over." She laughed at me, poor thing! as she went back to her fainting lady and groaning patients, and I went to sleep; and, except to wake to eat, I slept through three days of that gale, and was, when it cleared, thoroughly rested for the first time in my remembrance. I cite this incident in my experience to prove to others, as it proved to me, that there is nothing like a sea-voyage to give one bodily and mental rest. For years I had sought perfect repose for purpose of recuperation, and I had never found it. I do not believe that an active mind and body can find it elsewhere. I would send every

tired person to sea, — and most of us who are ill are only tired, — where there are no mails, telephones, telegraphs, or morning-calls, and where resignation and idleness are thrust upon us.

Once you have become thoroughly acquainted with the screw, and have learned how to secure your belongings safely in your stateroom, life on shipboard becomes enjoyable, provided, of course, you experience no internal disturbance, and eat your four meals a day. Monotonous it could never become to me: I am sure of it. One's fellow-voyagers can never cease to interest. How many errands they go upon! There was a bright little Mexican who went all the way to Germany to learn scientific farming; a jolly Englishman bound for Ober-Ammergau, to "do" the Passion Play for one of our illustrated weeklies; boarding-school misses and students abounded; there were workers and pleasure-seekers; business men, tired to the very death, going over to return at once, leaving home that they might be out of the reach of the telephone and the telegraph for a fortnight.

We were from all quarters, and of all nationalities; and our individualities became very prominent. Even the poor, helpless woman who was brought up on deck every morning by her husband, and carried by him to her berth every night, as a tobacconist takes out and puts back his lay figure daily, became not at all tiresome, and our interest in the state of her stomach never flagged. Verily, there are some who go down to the sea in ships who must hate it.

On shipboard we are pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw. A sea-gull stirs the blood, a flying-fish sends us flying to the rail, an iceberg drives us wild with excitement. It was enough that on one day we discovered a man (from Cuba) who had never heard of "Pinafore." We sat him on a pedestal, and we labelled him the "Curiosity." Every moment is full, and yet we were so deliciously idle and listless: you who have tried it know it so well, and you who have not can know nothing of it, and, after all, the story of it is not worth the telling; but if you want rest, — sweet, perfect rest, — I know not where you will find it better.

I know the ocean from the shore in all its moods. I may have had unfortunate voyages, but never have I seen it compare in beauty and grandeur with the view from the Newport cliff. I cannot believe the sea is ever as beautiful from the ship as from the coast. In vain I looked for such color, such cloud effects, and splendid sunsets. I was impressed with the ship rather than by the sublimity of nature; and let that not shock you, please. Is not man's handiwork more *wonderful* than the creation of the Creator, and, in fact, as much His creation as the flower that grows by the way? In the first does He not employ His most precious and valuable tools, — the brain and fingers of man, His noblest work? So am I impressed when I look upon the delicate mechanism of the watch, or a stupendous piece of engineering. The great ship seemed so good and brave — almost sentient, and cognizant of the fact that hundreds of souls had put their trust upon it. Soon I came to understand the half-affectionate way I had heard others speak of vessels that had carried them safely over. I feel like this now, — that

one of my homes, the "Herder," is always coming or going; whether she is in port this side or the other, it is always a home on board of her; and stormy nights, when the roar of the sea wakens me at Newport, I send a prayer up for her, and a good wish after her and her captain.

I came to know every visible plank. I descended to the very depths, and came forth with confidence deeper rooted; for who could fear with such a foundation beneath one's feet? The very throbbing of her engine had always for me a comforting sound; and I half feared that no sleep would come to me the first night on land, when the rocking ceased and the music of the screw was stilled.

I could tell you wonderful stories of life under the sea down in that ship, where ten men, night and day, fed to the eight fiery furnaces sixty tons of coal in each twenty-four hours; where the only light was that supplied by small lanterns, and where the din was beyond all description. As easily as I write my name, the engineer managed that great engine in response to the telegraphic orders from the officer on

the bridge. How blindly he followed his mute directions, seeing not, knowing not, and fearing not! How these men toil! How one wonders and wonders at the lives some men elect for themselves!

Sometimes I would stroll through the long passages leading out of the grand saloon, and I could easily fancy myself in a city street. There were the barber's, the confectioner's, the butcher's, the baker's, the surgeon's office, a lamp-shop, a carpenter's shop, and the pretty homes of officers and people. A hand-organ on the distant deck heightened the illusion; and I went down into the storerooms, and forgot I was on shipboard, and learned that the resources of the sea are not less than those of the shore. What welcome news I brought the greedy, hungry people rolled up like mummies on the deck, after one of these explorations! "Provisions enough for a month for an army," I assured them, and they could have eaten me in their joy; for I tell you there is nothing in the world like the sea appetite.

Every hour I thanked Heaven I was not the *blasé* traveller who had crossed a dozen

times and had no sensations. The species abounds on every European steamer. It is, on all occasions, superior to us who make first trips. It fancies us filled with envy, and smiles at our enthusiasm; but I may cross the sea many, many times, and I know it can never again be like that *first* time.

Before I went to Europe I desired to acquire some practical knowledge regarding the best routes of travel, the cost of living in hotels, the actual amount of money needed for railway-fares, carriage-hire, and fees. In vain I searched through books of travel (I knew better than to depend on guide-books), hoping always that some traveller would condescend to these little details. But no: I read again and again the number of years the Cologne Cathedral had been building; glowing descriptions of the beauties of the Rhine; and thoughts suggested by the Blue Grotto at Capri. But what a dinner cost in Germany I never knew till I paid for one. Your friends who have been over the ground are thoroughly unreliable, being entirely forgetful of minor things,

and summing the whole matter of financial detail into one of two expressions, — "It is very cheap living over there," or, "Fearfully expensive, costs more than at home!"

My destination being Germany, I chose a Hamburg steamer, and never regretted it. Though English was spoken on board, one felt the necessity of attempting, especially with servants, to make his wants known in German; and the ship is an excellent school, and has that advantage over an English steamer to the traveller to Germany, and the student going abroad. You become familiar with the sound of the language before you are helplessly thrown on a foreign shore. You master the *menu* at dinner while yet there is help; and if you know no German at the beginning you must know much before you land.

These steamers touch at Plymouth, and at Cherbourg, France; and their final destination is Hamburg. And now I come to figures, always dry and disagreeable things; but life is not to be gotten through without them, as we all know.

The price of a ticket over and back is the same as on all first-class ocean steam-

ers, — one hundred and eighty-five dollars. To go from New York to San Francisco now costs one hundred and forty dollars, not including food and sleeping accommodations on the way and expense of baggage. So it will be seen that to go to Europe costs very much less than it costs to go to San Francisco. The matter of fees on ocean steamers, I think every passenger would be glad to see different. There is always an embarrassment in deciding how much and whom to fee. On the German steamers all sums given to stewards or stewardesses must be put in a box and divided at the end of the passage. Any servant keeping any thing for himself, even though paid him for some extra service rendered, will be discharged if he does not pay it into the general fund. It is a pleasure to recompense a steward for attention shown; but instead of this custom of paying something to all, it would seem better to charge a certain amount for fees to each ticket purchaser. Five or six dollars is the sum usually divided among those who serve you, if no attention is required more than ordinary service.

If you are ill, and have to be served on deck or in your cabin, and require constant nursing, your generosity and the condition of your exchequer regulates the amount you shall give. I knew a gentleman on my ship who gave twenty-five dollars, and another who gave one dollar. Better each had paid for services when he bought his ticket, for it is almost an unfailing rule that they who require the most attention pay the smallest fee.

A homeward voyage is quite as exciting, if not more so, than one outward bound. There is a straining of the eyes, from the moment the cables are parted on the other side, for the first glimpse of the land that is *home;* and its first dim outlines produce a sensation quite indescribable. There comes a choky, bunchy feeling into the throat, that prevents your putting it in words at the time, and it can't be put on paper after.

How many a traveller will say to you, when you ask him on his return what he enjoyed seeing more than all else, "New York Harbor," and this without belittling any thing abroad. Unless you have robbed

a bank, you feel a something tugging at your heartstrings all the time when in another land, and the tension never grows less taut till your eyes open on New York. It is possible that at that instant you recognize in yourself for the first time your love of country. It certainly was so with me, and I have to ask my own pardon: I never did myself justice as a patriot till I came sailing by Sandy Hook, — bound home.

Every ship has its romance. You feel that your fellow-passengers are bound to contribute to your entertainment and amusement, and therefore you have no scruples or compunctions at watching any love-making going on. Who was to blame when, sitting idly on the deck one night, we heard above the noise of the screw this deliciously frank avowal, made by a young German to an American girl, possessed possibly of fascinations rather than positive beauty? — "*Mein Liebling*, I thought me *never* I could lofe one *Mädchen who is not beautiful;* but I lofe you." Is it so they make love in the *Vaterland?*

But coming home, we had a genuine romance on board. Among the passengers

was a demure little German maiden, a veritable Gretchen with her blonde tresses *à la Marguerite.* She knew not a word of English, and was with an aunt, also a German, but whose home was in America. This aunt, growing confidential, told us soon after starting, that she was bringing her niece to America for a year, at the request of her parents, who wished her to forget a lover upon whom her heart was set, but of whom they did not approve because of his lack of wealth and title. The aunt had never seen this lover, and could not describe him to us; but she evidently meant to do her duty and fulfil her trust. Now, this maiden, with her firm little mouth, reserved and silent, did not look as wretched as she ought to have done under such circumstances; but we concluded it was because of her nationality. She had our sympathy.

There was a man, tall and stern and scholarly, among us, whose English was broken, and who showed little disposition to be social, till on the third day, when, the purgatory of the *mal de mer* being safely through, he begged the aunt to

present him to the little *Fräulein.* This she did readily, and the acquaintance ripened into an intimacy. This pleased the aunt, who confided again in us, and said that she was happy that her charge was willing to be entertained, and was so rapidly forgetting the old love. That couple took possession of the cosiest places day and evening; and if you approached too near, you heard him reading aloud (always from the same page), and she demurely listening. When we reached New York, the tall dark man took the wee blonde maiden by the hand and led her to the aunt, and said, "I am ——, the lover from whom you fled, and from whom nobody can take the *Fräulein* he loves. And now, *Gnädige Frau*, we will all three drive directly to a Lutheran clergyman." And they did, — the poor aunt looking so helpless, the demure Gretchen with fresh ribbons in her hair, and the man whose will was law to those two women. May Fortune smile on them all!

After putting ashore the passengers for England and France at Plymouth and Cherbourg, there are yet days of voyaging

before the German port is reached. The captain called me from the land of dreams one morning, to come on deck and see in the faint dawn another land, quite as dreamlike, — the white cliffs of Dover, Dover Castle, and the Shakespeare Cliff. But we soon lost them, and were out of sight of land again in the North Sea. The water took on a new color, sometimes amber and sometimes a pale olive. The sunsets were peculiar; and on the last day Heligoland rose up before us, so startlingly like its picture in the old geography, that I felt myself back in my school-days. Then came a lovely sail up the Elbe in a small steamer to which we were transferred at its mouth.

The lowlands were very pretty, with their windmills and dykes and picturesque red houses nestled among the new green foliage; but these same red roofs afterwards in Germany came to be monotonous and very ugly, and I often longed to look once more upon a white cottage with green blinds. We passed beautiful villas and quaint fishing villages on the Elbe, and at last came into a very forest of

masts, and saw at once how important a port Hamburg is.

Beautiful, stately Hamburg! How well I remember those sunny days! Those long twilights, by which we read our papers at half-past nine; the tall spire that reached nearer to heaven than any other in Europe (for those at Cologne were then unfinished); the wonderful tulips; the quaint little house where Mendelssohn was born; the strange peasant women carrying their burdens by yokes; my first feather-bed coverings and porcelain stoves, — nothing will ever seem so new and strange and delightful as did Hamburg, my first European city!

ABROAD AT LAST!

HAMBURG is a good place to land in; because you must realize at once that you are in the *Old* World, when in a city so ancient that the date of its beginning is lost. It is, moreover, a very beautiful city; and age must be combined with beauty to some degree, or I am not moved to admire. Its lovely bay in the middle of the town, — a sheet of water about as large as Boston Common, — around which runs a broad promenade and double rows of trees, and on which face the stately hotels and finest private residences, is a charming feature; miniature steamers and a toy-like ferry-boat are plying on it all day, and a rich old lady once left a great deal of money to keep swans on its surface forever, so they abound.

How I would like to exchange the sloppy, dowdy American servants for the short-sleeved Hamburg maids, with their

dainty lace caps, and scarlet shawls thrown over their baskets as they flit about the streets! In all Europe — at least, on the Continent — I never remember seeing a serving-maid with a hat or bonnet on. She goes bareheaded to market and to church, wears her white cap on the cars, and never "does" her hair like her mistress. The maids in the hotels wear caps and plain black silk ties under a linen collar, and always the simplest of cotton gowns.

The "highest tower in the world" in Hamburg did not impress me at all, did not look high to me; but I was interested to see a beautiful window in the church itself, given by Titjiens just before she died. She was born in Hamburg; and so was Mendelssohn, in such a plain little house on a narrow street, the lower story of which is now a vegetable-shop. I doubt if there is a house in the city, even if it is on the canals, that has not more or less lace drapery at its windows and a pot of flowers in each. However poor the surroundings, the china vase, with growing plant, is on every sill, and the lace is

white and pretty. To be sure, the windows are often but tiny casements, and only the merest bit of drapery is admissible; but I assure you it is a charming sight, and made me like the people who live under those pointed tiled roofs, and in those quaint projecting stories, some of them overhanging the old canals, or in streets so narrow that they are dark. This love of flowers is noticeable everywhere, on the streets, in the hotels, and at the railway-stations, where there is always a pretty garden.

One must see tulips in Hamburg to know their glory, and its pansies to realize how lovely they can be. "Little stepmother" (*kleine Stief-Mutter*) the Germans call the pansy, and the daisy "thousand beauties" (*tausend Schönchen*) — those sentimental people, who even call their little sweet cakes "Schiller curls."

There are some cities you almost know, though you may never have seen them: among these are London, Paris, Rome, and Venice. It is as when you look upon an original Raphael or Domenichino for the first time. They are no strangers: there

is not a sensation of novelty. But Hamburg was new to me. Its old, old houses on the canals never ceased to be of the deepest interest, not alone because they were quaint, but my eyes for the first time beheld the handiwork of man which had stood a thousand years.

And now, if you have a soul above ducats, skip what I am about to say; for I am coming down for a little while to the level of dollars and cents. Some of the accepted ideas of the cost of foreign travel are erroneous, and I intend giving some of my personal experiences. Travelling as I did, with an Austrian lady, and one who had extensively travelled in that country, I was freed from the impositions too often put upon Americans. If you find this stupid, take your revenge in thinking of the penalty I inflicted upon myself, in keeping for this purpose an account of pennies — or, more properly speaking, *Pfennige* and *Kreutzers* — spent; for I possess that inborn prejudice, common to many women, against sitting down at night, and contemplating a column of figures to be added, showing just what life costs.

From the wharf to the hotel in Hamburg was perhaps a mile, not less. There were two of us, and we had three large trunks and several small pieces. For transportation by carriage we paid twenty-seven cents each (I reduce the money of the country to dollars and cents), and five cents extra for porter who carried the trunks from the steamer to the carriage-box.

My first hotel was the Kronprinzen, in Hamburg, a first-class house, beautifully located on the lovely Alster Basin. Our rooms were up three flights (no elevator), and consisted of a handsomely furnished parlor and smaller bedroom with two narrow beds. I did not see a double bed on the Continent, except in Paris and Rome. For these rooms we paid ninety-three cents a day each, for candles nine cents each, for service nineteen cents each, and our German breakfast of rolls and butter and coffee cost thirty-five cents. *Table d'hôte* dinner cost us one dollar each. The waiter brought coffee at the last, asking us if we would have it. We assented, and found a charge of five cents

extra on our bill for coffee at dinner. We then learned that coffee was an extra in Europe, and we also learned to adjourn to some *café* to drink it; for there is no place like the restaurants, outside of private houses, to study the people. Adding to the above items the cost of supper, sixty cents, which included a chop or steak, potatoes, salad, bread and butter, and tea or coffee, we have a total of three dollars and sixteen cents a day for first-class hotel expenses in North Germany. To this must be added at least twenty-five cents a day for fees for porter, chambermaids, and other attendants (who sooner or later must be paid something), and the cost of wine or beer, which seem to be essentials in Europe; and you have transient hotel expenses not much less than they are in New York, and there is not the comfort, at least the luxury. "But you don't know *how* to live in Europe," objects some one who finds every thing ridiculously cheap. "I could tell you of places."

But I am not trying to demonstrate upon what one *can* live, but what the actual cost of first-class hotel living is, as

compared with the same at first-class hotels in New York. At Cologne, at the well-known Hotel du Nord, three dollars and twenty cents a day, without wine or fees, is the least for which one can get accommodations; and this will only permit of a small bedroom. In many hotels there are no public parlors, and a private one becomes a necessity. Candles vary in price. At the Hotel Beau Rivage, Geneva, they are twenty cents each, and the charge is made daily. At the Villa Nassau, Wiesbaden they are ten cents a night, even if never lighted. Four dollars a day should be allowed for transient hotel living in Europe if you would live as at a first-class hotel in New York. You *can* live on two dollars a day in another fashion, and so I believe you can in New York.

In Europe you can take a room in a first-class hotel, and your meals at cheap restaurants, and in that way live cheaply; but I wish it understood that I am giving figures for corresponding accommodations at home. At these prices your breakfast consists only of rolls and coffee, no meat nor eggs except you pay extra for them,

and you have no gas nor fire. At the Hotel Kronprinzen, there was also a charge of fifteen cents for five sheets of paper and five envelopes, with advertisement of hotel printed on them; and this charge for paper is customary on the Continent. The first day in Hamburg I used a carriage four hours; and the expense for two persons was a dollar and seventy-five cents, or eighty-seven and a half cents each. Comment is unnecessary.

I soon came to understand why carriage-hire is cheap in Europe, at least in North Germany. Nobody would ride after such horses in America, even if paid for doing so, I am sure. A *droschke* is a light landau, but with very heavy wheels, holding four persons beside the driver; and I have seen four trunks piled on the coachman's box. One horse draws this load, and horses so poor and small that Mr. Bergh would condemn every one of them. Five persons ride behind these poor beasts half a day at a time, and naturally the animal has to be beaten. On my first drive in Europe the horse fell, and lay helpless and hurt. A great crowd collected, not because of the

horse, for that was no unusual sight, but because of me; for nobody but myself seemed to have a pitiful thought or an inclination to coax the poor thing to rise, and so I grew very conspicuous. When it got on its feet, it received a severe cut from the whip to add to its other wounds; and of course I grew indignant, and so added another peculiarity to the long list attributed to American ladies.

If you have a soft place in your heart for animals, you must suffer in Europe. The poor dogs gave me heart-aches. They are harnessed into little wagons, and beaten unmercifully. Cows draw loads of every kind. I saw two pulling a very heavy load of coal one day. At night they were milked. If you do not wish to be haunted, avoid looking into the eyes of a weary cow made a beast of burden. The pathetic look of the field is increased a thousand-fold, and there is a reproachful expression I cannot stand.

Six of us formed ourselves into the "Half Dozen Club" on the steamer, and for some time kept together; and the youngest member, brimming over with

excitement and enthusiasm, began to exclaim the moment she put foot ashore, and she kept it up ever after, — first at the street-car, then at the baby-carriages, and the peasants and the maids, and the old, old streets and houses, some a thousand years old. I confess I stood amazed at the first European street-car I saw. I believe it is peculiar to Hamburg. It is about the size of a New England cottage; is painted black and yellow, and has two full stories. A winding staircase on the back platform helps you to ascend to the second floor, which the smokers choose; and the thing runs on the pavement when there happen to be no rails laid for it, or it concludes to turn a corner. The baby-carriages are quite as extraordinary; and the peasants, with huge, stiff funereal bows under their quaint hats, are very interesting, — so interesting that I stopped to buy a bunch of *Mai-Blümchen* (lilies of the valley) of the first one I saw, and she cheated me outrageously. Their burdens they carry from yokes across their shoulders. I have seen many peasants with burdens disposed in all ways; and I think the yoke

alone gives dignity to the bearer, making it seem less objectionable that a woman should carry a load.

Our girl of the exclamation-point gave a genuine start of amazement, which outdid all former efforts, at our first *table d'hôte*, when, while eating our ices, the waiters placed a row of lighted candles down the tables. While I wondered if it might be preparations for a wake, the cigar-smoke began to curl up toward the ceiling; and finally we ladies all in dinner dress — for *table d'hôte* is a ceremonious affair — sailed out of the room through the densest clouds. When I descended to breakfast, I found in the elegant little morning-room five gentlemen smoking. Europe must be a paradise to gentlemen; for in no place on the Continent, save in the church, is it forbidden to smoke. I came to sit down to breakfasts, dinners, and luncheons, with smokers at right of me, left of me, behind me, and before me; and this cannot be avoided if you do not take your meals in your room. I've been compelled to ride in *coupés* and on railway-trains, opposite a man puffing away into

my very face; and a German would think you quite crazy if you resented it. There are, however, on all fast (?) trains *coupés* for ladies alone. These trains are called "fast," I fancy, because they get stuck fast to the rails at every station, and it requires as much fuss and trouble to get them going again as it would take an American to move an army; and, indeed, the whole matter of railway-travelling in North Germany is enough to exasperate a Yankee almost beyond endurance.

Hamburg is a free port, and consequently there is no examination of baggage when you enter the city; but when you leave, there is a pretty thorough searching of your pieces. We were long detained, and it was a farce which would have been amusing but that it was tedious. We solemnly swore we had no cigars or spirits. The H. D. Club was feminine entirely; but one of its members had a suspicious look, or there was an odor of tobacco about her, and *her* trunk was well looked over. I never heard of but one American, however, who had to pay duty on any thing brought from America. This friend of mine had a new pair of boots

which he had only worn on the deck of the steamer on his passage. After much consultation among the officials, and a delay of twenty minutes, he was charged six cents, the boots were stamped (and the pair he wore also, I dare say), and he was allowed to proceed. One is not much troubled at the custom-houses on the frontiers. The question always is, "Have you any spirits or tobacco with you?" In an unfortunate moment, I evaded this question put me by a pompous official, by asking, "Do *I* look as if I carried about whiskey and cigars with me?" He went to the bottom of my trunk, and took a mean revenge upon me, which taught me to afterward meekly answer to similar inquiries, "*Nein, mein Herr.*"

Every person in my first European hotel spoke English. I went into five shops on my arrival, and met good English in each; my first coachman had been a New-York fireman, and the first native lady I met knew my own language perfectly. I began to despair of ever finding opportunity to display my little linguistic learning. Alas! Later, occasion came only too often for exposing my great ignorance.

NACH WIESBADEN.

FROM Hamburg to Hanover is four hours' journey by rail; and the fare is three dollars and twenty-five cents, second-class. In France and Italy one cannot travel comfortably second-class, but often in Germany it is preferable; the one first-class *coupé* sometimes being directly over the trucks. There is a third-class, and sometimes a fourth-class, which relieves the second-class of disagreeable company. There is a saying that only Jews and Americans travel first-class in Germany. One or two *coupés* are reserved for ladies; and my party of two, being feminine, naturally took seats in the "*Damen coupé*," where gentlemen and cigars were not allowed. But we did it once only. Never shall I forget the baby who kept one window shut, and the old lady who kept shut the other, and the inquisitive young woman between them who plied us with questions

till we gratefully cast our lot with the cigars and the gentlemen.

If your party consists of four or five, the Continental cars are very pleasant, for you are sure generally of a *coupé* to yourselves; but if you are alone, the American arrangement is better. I thought so, when once in Hungary I chanced to occupy a *coupé* alone with an Hungarian gentleman (if he was one), whose occasional remarks were unintelligible, since I did not know his language, and they may have been called for and quite proper, or otherwise: certain it is that that ride gave me a thorough fright. When he took out a large bottle, — which proved to hold *eau de Cologne*, — visions of chloroforming overcame me almost to faintness. When I recall that ride I do not approve of European cars; for, though I am safe enough, the "might have beens" make me tremble. There was no possible way of stopping the train or calling the guard, and to be at the mercy of a chance fellow-traveller for hours is not pleasant. Whether true or imagined that this man looked suspiciously and covetously at my earrings, it did not lessen my suffering.

Hanover is full of Americans and English, who are learning the language. They meet, however, at some place every day, for a good chat in their own dear tongue. Since Americans fall into each other's arms wherever they chance to meet in Europe, and the attraction appears so irresistible, it would seem better to go where there are fewer of them if one is really serious in the matter of study. I grieve to say that the Americans furnish the food for gossip for all the city. The American girl, because she can talk, and is not afraid to do so, is much sought after in society. The retiring Gretchen, who is waiting for marriage before she can feel free to express her opinions or converse freely with any gentleman, appears to great disadvantage beside the English-speaking maiden, and indeed seems often to be stupid, when in fact her acquirements are much greater. She looks with a little awe, some envy, and a bit of contempt, upon the American girl, who chatters quite at her ease with a half-dozen men at once; and she is not altogether pleased at such a rival. I remember one American girl who was behav-

ing in Hanover just as she would at home, and she was the sensation of the hour. I remember how she allowed a young gentleman to "see her home" quite alone. It was still broad daylight, for the twilights are very long; and all the gossips saw her home also. O ye furies! how the tongues clashed at the next *Kaffeeklatsch!* It is in Hanover you hear the purest German, and it is a delight even to hear the *Kutcher* speak there.

It is a handsome city and full of interest. Its buildings are elegant and massive, though simple in their style; and the irregularity of the town gives it a charm.

My first beer-garden in Europe was in Hanover, — the Tivoli. It is a famous garden, and is very pretty as gardens go. There the Hanoverians assemble every evening, and sit about the little tables, the ladies *always* with knitting. Through the twilight they sit quietly chatting, waiting for the nightly event, which they never weary of looking upon, the lighting of sixteen thousand colored lamps. By daylight the place is tawdry with its stucco grottoes, and mirrors set in the walls; but

by night all the trees hang with red and yellow glowing fruit, in the shape of glass lanterns: there are arches of colored lamps and festoons of light, and it looks quite as fairy-land ought to look.

There are, of course, everywhere tables and chairs, and everywhere beer; but the music was really fine, and the place had a certain fascination. But these Germans take their pleasure so solemnly that the levity of the Half Dozen Club seemed badly out of place, though all were there to enjoy and be amused. Babies rolled around on the ground till near midnight, and old people went to sleep by snatches against the posts, and waiters flew from table to table; and this is so every night. The same people knit and chat, and drink beer, and soberly watch the lighting up; and they pity us in America because we have no pleasure.

Whole families take their suppers in the face of all the world, and seem to enjoy the publicity. A German family, I fancy, would not be at all embarrassed to take dinner on the sidewalk on Broadway, if it were permitted. It was rather interesting

to walk about and see how each were faring, since they did not resent it if you stood by and watched them from the soup to the cheese. One thing is pleasant to see in Germany, — the head of the family, the *Hausherr*, always taking his family with him when he has a holiday, or even an hour for the woods or the garden. At the Tivoli, there is delicious music — the Germans will have no other — for two or three hours each night. The entrance-fee (single ticket) is twenty-five cents, with an additional expense of three cents for a programme if you want one.

The opera or theatre begins in Germany at half-past six promptly; and you must be in your seat, and quiet, for the overture, or you make yourself a nuisance. My first opera, "Lohengrin," lasted from half-past six to eleven P.M. Never a line is cut, and the waits are equalled only in duration by the waits at railway-stations. If you don't feel like driving through the streets in broad daylight, bareheaded, you may wear a bonnet; but must hang it on a peg like a schoolboy before you enter your box, for you must bare your head wherever you sit.

You give the man who opens your carriage door *Trinkgeld*, pay the mistress of the pegs something for keeping an eye on your bonnet, and another woman opens the box-door for you, or takes you to your seat, and waits for her fee. Your programmes you buy; and they are usually the worst-printed things possible, warranted to ruin your gloves in five minutes. A woman with a big red bow on her head brings you a footstool, which you decline, or pay for, — and it is generally easier to pay for it. After this you are ready for the opera. Every part is so uniformly good, without perhaps any being remarkable, that you feel as though you had never really heard an opera before, though you may have heard all the stars that ever visited America.

The famous "white horses of the king of Hanover" are there yet; but it is a sad sight to see them, for they have no master, and there is no king. They are beauties, and like all high-bred animals are intelligent, and appreciative of a caress. The palace is empty, the "king's garden" is a mockery, and the magnificent state car-

riages stand without use. An old servant, forty years with the king, showed me all the gay trappings, and the treasures he had to leave; and he handled them with a tender, affectionate care; and he mourned that the king left him behind; and he lamented that the princess married a man of no account, without title or position. Indeed, all Hanoverians are annoyed at this *mésalliance*. But the ex-princess said, "I have no position myself, and I love the man;" and though to Hanover this family will never more return, the people grieve at this choice of hers. Emperor William occasionally comes and stays at the palace, and probably enjoys it; but my sympathies went out toward King George, and I would rather have been the exiled king whom the people loved. There are antiquated houses of interest, beautiful walks and drives at Hanover, and every thing to make it a pleasant adopted home. The Victoria Regia houses are wonderful, and the linden-avenue lovely; and without being grand, like Hamburg, it is very beautiful and interesting.

From Hanover to Cologne is not a long journey. One is struck with the thorough cultivation of the land. On every inch of ground something grows, and the garden patches even lie almost perpendicularly on the hillsides. The depot-masters vie with each other in making pretty their stations, and some of them are perfect bowers of vines and flowers. On that ride I began to get an idea of beer-drinking. For the first time I saw masculine friends hug and kiss each other at meeting and parting. I know a bad little boy at home who says sneeringly, "Cheese and cheese," when he sees his sister embracing and kissing her "dearest" girl friend. Over there he would probably say, "Beer and beer." The long waits at the stations did not become tedious, since I never tired of counting the beer-mugs taken into each *coupé;* and there was diversion in the confusion of tongues, for people of all nationalities travelled with us. The bad dressing among the middle classes is a delight, because it is so studiously bad; and the military uniforms and peasants' costumes, and the poor people running up and down,

hunting for an empty *coupé*, and the guard always in despair because nobody wants more company and so fills the windows that he may not see a vacancy, — all is amusing, but it is such a senseless way of doing business! You have fair notice before you start again. A bell on the station rings, a man blows a horn, the engine shrieks, the guard whistles, all at regular intervals, with a few moments between. This might cease some time to amuse, but I confess I liked it because it was so deliciously stupid. I do not wonder they always count distances by hours over there. They surely would be ashamed to mention the number of miles between two points, when it has taken me exactly four times as long to get over the ground as over the same distance at home, and on a "fast train" at that.

It takes four men to do in the baggage-room what one man does in America. The weighing of baggage is a perfect nuisance. My luggage fluctuated in weight, and so in value, like American stocks; and I never knew, from one day to another, what I was worth. I looked on,

helpless, and saw it weighed. In one city it tipped the scales at one hundred and eleven kilograms; five hours after, at another — and I had not seen it meantime — it weighed one hundred and eighteen kilograms. I anxiously awaited the bits of paper on which a man recorded the weight and number of pieces of my luggage, with the cost of transportation, and carefully *sanded* before he gave it to me, and hoped I would come out with as much as I started with.

For each service a fee is expected. Even the man who deliberately cuts the checks apart with a huge pair of scissors, since they are not even perforated, stands with his brandished "riveted swords" waiting for *Trinkgeld*. Feeing is an abomination of the land. One never knows how much or how little is required or expected; and one of the H. D. Club, making a bold guess, deposited a number of coins in a man's hand, and, seeing his astonished look of delight, took back half of them, meaning to do just the proper thing. I think I paid five persons for "services" each time my trunk was moved. I could travel

cheaper with a nine-year-old child in America, — and I am not sure but board and clothe it also, — than with a good-sized trunk in Europe.

Deliberation is a characteristic of the North German. It takes as long to get an express package out of an express office as if the thing had never been done before, and the whole system was to be studied before anybody could act. Life is easier, and longer perhaps, because of it; but it becomes almost infuriating to the American, born and bred to hurry.

Most devoutly I sat through my first church-service in Europe. It was in the glorious Cologne Cathedral. All about me — sometimes kneeling on the floor, sometimes standing — were officers in uniform, tourists, ladies in beautiful black toilets, bareheaded serving-maids, country women with their lunch-baskets beside them, peasants in gay costume with knitting-work under their arms, — for country women had come to mass only as a prelude to the afternoon holiday in the park. People walked about and chatted; now and then there was music from a boy

choir high up, and sometimes the intoning of the priest reached me as from a distant building, and there came an odor of incense as from some far-away land of perfume. Could any thing be more unlike our own home Sunday service? But can we say that ours to them is less strange than theirs to us? "You put on your best clothes to go to church in America, don't you? how very queer!" said a German Romanist to me one day.

It was with a pleasurable satisfaction, and a great longing too, that one turns on Sunday toward home when in Germany. The American Sunday they have no conception of. The good Lutheran pastor will preach you a sermon Sunday morning that will make you cry, and ask you to a game of cards with him before the organ is done playing. Ladies whom I visited sewed, had their dresses cut and fitted, and made no difference whatever between Sunday and week-days, except that there must always be a dinner-party on the first. The shops are open: indeed, Sunday is about the *only* day in the week you can be sure of doing shopping in some places;

since every saint's day is carefully kept by shutting up store, going to mass in the morning, and spending the rest of the day in the gardens. The Lord's Day only does not seem worth keeping.

Said a young gentleman to me once, "Do I understand you that you can't begin a journey, go to the theatre, buy a coat if you need one, or give a ball, on Sunday in America?" I assured him he would not be expected to do those things. "And *that* is what you call a *free country*, is it?" he retorted.

After service in the cathedral, I went to the churchyard where Rubens lies. There, too, in the church was service. Near the door stood a shrine of the Virgin, and hanging before her on a grating were little arms and hands and hearts in white wax; and a poor man hobbled up and laid at her feet a tiny wax leg, and went away with faith to believe that his own diseased member would be made whole; and a mother hung up a wax baby, and went home to her sick little one with hope for its recovery. It was very touching, though I could not make it right; and it brought

the tears. Who of us would not gladly possess such faith?

The *Kutcher* insisted that Sunday upon our seeing the bones of St. Ursula's virgins; but I was not as impressed as I ought to have been. Perhaps if they had rattled I should have felt little shivers down my back; but they were stowed away so tightly, I didn't feel for a moment that they could get at me. Fancy a lover making a tour of the Continent with his bride and eleven thousand virgins! for they went to Rome on a pilgrimage, and were all murdered on their return. If you don't believe it, I tell you I saw their skulls. "Traddles and the girls" were nothing to it. I hope, for the lover's sake, the virgins didn't have more than one trunk apiece. Poor lover!

If the rest of the world escapes that future place where all liars are to go, the city of Cologne will make it populous. Nearly every man in that city sells *eau de Cologne;* and since each swears *his* to be the *only original*, it follows that Cologne is made up of one honest man and a multitude of liars. I bought Cologne-water in

the shop where the prettiest labels were displayed; paid a third more for it than I would pay for the imported article in New York; and came to this conclusion — that *eau de Cologne* is made in one huge vat in that city, and retailed to all these "only originals;" for it is all alike, from whence it comes. The maids in the hotel peddle it in the halls; the beggar who fails to get a coin from you brings from his pocket a bottle, and endeavors to make a bargain.

The bad odors of Cologne are no fiction. The Hotel du Nord is beautiful and famous. Before I went to Europe I believed that a bad state of sewerage could kill. After living through a stay at the Hotel du Nord, I was convinced that I was wrong. I feared no dangers of that kind after. Then was my opportunity to die of typhoid fever; but, contrary to all belief in America, we thrived and came forth rejoicing. Once again at Coburg, and at lovely Eisenach, where the sewerage flows under the loose planks of the sidewalk, and where we gasped for pure air, all my former theories, based on scientific principles, were dashed to atoms; for

again I lived and grew stout in an atmosphere that at home would raise a hue and cry of the whole country were it to exist a single hour.

I really believe that Americans know the Rhine better than they know our own Hudson, and so I go up it from Cologne to Wiesbaden very quickly. To make the sail a perfect one, you must know all the legends, or, better still, have for a companion some one who knows them, and knows how to relate effectively. I was that fortunate. Each of these stories ends with, "And he (or she) died of a broken heart." There was a little English girl on the boat, clad in a "jersey" (it was the first one I had seen), the fashion having just set in; and I must confess my mind often wandered from the Rhine and its castles through that day to that article of apparel, which puzzled me extremely. I wanted above all things to see that child put to bed; for how she got into, and how she got out of, that envelope, was to me a most uncomfortable mystery, since it was an unsolvable one. Later experiments on myself taught me what, if I could have

learned on that occasion, might have saved me an attack of the rheumatism; for I doubt if any woman who has ever seen another woman (or child) get out of a jersey would have the courage to get into one.

But to go back to the little girl. She hovered on the edge of our party. At the climax of every story she burst into tears, and fell to sobbing over the "broken heart," always reviving and eager for the next "Once upon a time." It is rather nice to have some one at hand to shed the tears for you; and we thanked the little jerseyite, whose father told us certain impressions of his concerning our countrywomen, — impressions, he said, gained from letters from an English friend visiting in America. That man assured me that his friend often rode with American girls, — the brightest and prettiest in the world! — who wore their habits all day, never went without a pistol in the belt, and always sat with their feet on the "hobs." He couldn't remember where this friend was when he met these young ladies. It "might have been in New York, and it

might have been in Boston," he said; but, he added, it did not matter where it was, he was sure it was so, for his friend told him so.

The Rhine steamers are small, but are neat and pleasant, and there is a good *cuisine* on board. Of that you are glad, never mind how many beauties unfold along the shore. It is the "hungriest air" I ever saw, and if dinner had been served hourly I think we would have been equal to the occasions. On the deck we drank *Maiwine*, a drink concocted of Rhine wine and herbs, with tiny flowers floated on the golden fluid. It gets its bouquet aromatic from the sweet-scented woodruff (*asperula odorata*), and is a fragrant, delicious drink. The Germans call it poetical wine.

At Biebrich we left the steamer, and took carriage for Wiesbaden, near by. Wiesbaden (meadow-bath) reminded me of Newport without being at all like it. There is also much at this famous spa that resembles Saratoga. Its mineral water is so hot that an egg cooks in it in a minute. There is a fine Kurhaus, always good music, and often illuminations by Bengal

lights of the parks and fountains. Ladies sit all day knitting in the open air, and families take their meals out of doors. The pretty villas bear on their fronts still prettier names in golden letters, — "Villa Margaretha," "Villa Gretchen," "Villa Frieda," etc. One can live very cheaply at this resort; and the air is good and the baths beneficial. The life is amusing, and it seems a good place for Americans to go. I have before me my bill at the Nassauer Hof, the best and most fashionable hotel. The house was full; and our room was not the best, but very comfortable, and we were two in a room. We could not complain of the charges. For the room we paid sixty-two cents each; for *table d'hôte* dinner, nine courses, seventy-five cents; candles, twelve cents; for breakfast, forty cents; service, thirty-five cents; supper, including meat, fifty cents; total, two dollars and seventy-four cents. Fees and wine at dinner would not bring the cost of living at this fashionable resort, at its best hotel, over three dollars and a half a day; and a *pension* arrangement would be very much less. Carriage-hire for two

persons is fifty cents an hour. The Kurhaus and music are free. The emperor has a palace there, which looks like a great warehouse; the Russians have a superb church with gilded domes, and people of every nationality and rank are to be met.

It was in Wiesbaden I lay awake half the night, trying to solve the mystery of a huge porcelain stove, of which I had made a thorough examination before retiring. It reached from floor to ceiling, was glittering white, and not at all unsightly. But it had no door; and in vain I sought a place, an opening of any sort, where fire could get in. There it stood against the wall, puzzling me and bothering me, till I threatened to ring the bell at midnight and have it explained. Murmurs from the bed in a distant corner, to the effect that it was not best to arouse the hotel solely to make it known that I was an ignoramus, caused me to desist. Next morning I found that stove-door in the hall, built in through the wall. Neither fireman, dust, nor ashes were visible to us. Was there ever a better arrangement?

WITH THE FRANKFORT JEWS.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN is a beautiful city. As everybody knows, it is the richest city in the world. Its aristocracy is composed of wealthy Jews, and its banking-houses are famous. There you find stately residences with great gardens, in the centre of the town; and it was the only European city I visited in which I did not feel cramped. There is room enough even for an American, who cannot be quite reconciled to sharing his front door with half a dozen families. Every thing betokens wealth in Frankfort, — the magnificent Bourse, the beautiful synagogues, the gardens and fine equipages, the superb theatre, and the costly entertainments given in private houses.

I had never chanced to meet socially people of the Jewish faith till I went to Frankfort. It was there my great good fortune to be the guest, for some time, of

a Jewish family whose name is known throughout the financial world. If I had any prejudice against Jews as Jews, arising from contact with some of the lower classes and from certain hotel reports and decisions in this country, it was quickly wiped out in that charming circle, where I met only persons of Jewish birth. I have never found a more cultured and refined people. Such linguists as are the Jewish ladies of Frankfort, I never knew existed. There, and there only, I heard my own language spoken by foreigners *to perfection.* Often in large families I found every member able to converse fluently in four or five tongues. In many households there are three or four governesses of different nationalities, and children begin to talk in at least three languages. It was a great pleasure, too, to find myself among a foreign people who not only knew all English authors, but were thoroughly acquainted with Hawthorne and Irving, Emerson and Bret Harte, and who quoted Mark Twain with as much enjoyment as he is quoted in Hartford.

A noticeable and charming feature of

the cultivation of the Frankfort ladies is the fact that one never thinks herself too old to indulge in the fine arts; and I found even grandmothers still studying the piano with Clara Schumann, and enjoying with as much zest as the young girls the pursuing of art studies. I have never heard such finished amateur piano-playing and vocal music; and I must confess I often felt thoroughly ashamed of American ladies who merely dabble in many things, seldom seeking to reach the perfection of the professional, unless a public life is really in expectation.

There does not begin to be the ignorance of American institutions among the Frankforters that one finds in England. Indeed, the average Englishman not alone knows little of our ways and manners, but has a habit of asserting things concerning us, and sticking to them. The Jews feel that Americans have an antipathy toward them, which arises in part from their perusal of our newspapers during the hotel troubles. "You do not like us in America, please tell me why?" my beautiful little blonde hostess asked me one day.

What could I say? Only this: "If they were like you, and all that belong to you, I think we should love them to distraction." There was always a puzzled look in her baby-like face when the subject recurred, and it seemed difficult for her to believe that it was not a matter of religious faith at all.

I found the Jews in Frankfort to be divided into three classes: the strict Jews, keeping all their old rites, regarding Saturday a sacred day, binding the Ten Commandments on their wrists at prayer, keeping them over their doors, feasting Friday and fasting Saturday, and in all ways keeping religiously the Jewish laws. The second class are as Christians in all, except that they profess no belief in the divinity of Christ. They keep our Sunday and our Christian festivals; on Saturday they do business at the Exchange, and their meat is not different in its kind or preparation from ours. It puzzled me to see just where the difference lay between this class of Jews and some New England Unitarians.

The third class, and it is a large one, is

composed of people of Jewish birth, calling themselves Jews, but who are German philosophers and free-thinkers. It surprised me to find so many infidels among so-called Jews. In the Rothschild households at Frankfort, Christmas is kept as the Lutherans keep it. They have Christmas-trees, and exchange gifts.

The recent persecution of the Jews in Germany cannot surprise one who has lived in that country, and who has witnessed the strong (and sometimes very unreasonable) dislike of them, as shown daily by contemptuous remarks and allusions in ordinary conversation. It does not take a keen observer to learn that much of this hatred grows from jealousy and annoyance at the positions many of them have won for themselves. The poor Jew, with even disgusting habits, is not so openly disliked as the rich and prosperous one, and especially if he has cultivation and refinement of manner. If the Jew becomes a man of wealth and letters, he becomes an intruder. A Jewish name is instantly recognized, and that is sufficient. The most cultured women I have ever

met were Jewesses, with no traces of any thing disagreeable about them, but rather of the most attractive description. And yet certain Austrian ladies whom I knew, who knew not my Jewish friends, would have bathed me as if I had been near contamination. "I care not what they are like, they are *Jews*," they said. "I wish I owned that umbrella of yours," said an Hungarian lady to me one day, referring to an umbrella, whose ivory handle for the convenience of holding was in the form of a cross. I answered, "I cannot spare it: with this I keep off Mephistopheles."—"Oh! I don't mind Mephistopheles or the Devil. I want it to keep off the Jews," she replied.

The present agitation recalls many interesting things concerning the German Jews. Their history is truly fascinating, and cannot fail to awake our sympathies, in spite of the inborn antipathy which I do not deny exists to some degree in each of us. Who does not recall, with a feeling of horror, the terrible scenes at Strasbourg, where they were broken on the wheel? Two thousand were there at once

burned to death, mid the exultant yells of the multitude. There was similar cruelty in the same century in Brussels.

In Switzerland they were equally afflicted. Kings and emperors had no power to stay the people. In Frankfort, where now the aristocracy is composed of Jews, headed by the Rothschilds, those insane enthusiasts the "Flagellants" showed their zeal for religion by plundering and murdering them. The "Black Death" of 1348 was laid to the Jews, who were supposed to have caused it by magical incantations; and the story of their persecution in consequence is the most fearful reading. From 1717 to 1740 they were compelled by Frederick William to buy for their food the wild boars shot by the court. They were obliged to make the most extravagant purchases at the royal potteries. The avarice of the Jews and their weakness for display are not to be overlooked; yet their treatment at the court, where they were sometimes made jesters, and compelled to have a finger shot off for amusement, and their terrible persecution by the people, cannot find

excuse. And the persecution of to-day is of the same kind.

In spite of the restrictions put upon them, they gradually grew to be a power in Germany; and, when Ferdinand I. expelled them from Austria, there were many at the court much too valuable to send away. In 1688 fifty families were allowed to live in Berlin, and this formed the nucleus for the present great number in Germany. In 1780 Emperor Joseph II. gave the Jews the liberty in Austria to take degrees in medicine, civil law, and philosophy, released them from wearing a distinctive dress, and admitted them to equal rights. But the right of abode extended to one child only. For the second child the parents were obliged to pay seventy thousand thalers; and even then it was not permitted that the child had residence unless it was proven that it possessed a capital of one hundred thousand thalers.

The curious names of the German Jews must always be of interest to any one with even a slight knowledge of German. I recall a party in a Jewish house, in Frank-

fort, where nearly every person presented to me bore the name of bird, beast, or fowl. It was an amusing collection of hens, bears, wolfs, foxes — indeed, it was difficult to find a bird of the air or a beast of the field not represented. How the German Jews came by these names, is interesting, and possibly is not known to everybody. Under Maria Theresa, when great numbers had gone to Austria because of her toleration, there was constant confusion arising from the fact that it was hardly possible to hold an individual for any crime, or in case of lawsuit, — of which there were many against them, — for the reason that a man could not be proven to be *the* "Isaac, the son of Israel," or *the* particular "Solomon, the son of Jacob," who was sought for. So one day that empress sent forth an edict to the effect that from that time henceforth every Jew should take a name for himself, and no name borne ever by any one else was he to select. This provoked much anger, but there was nothing to be done but obey. The command was, that they should choose names from the ani-

mals, metals, minerals, the elements, rivers, lakes, towns, etc. Hence came the Baars, Wolfs, Fuchs (fox), Hahns (cock), Hechts (pickerel), and nearly all the names ending with *baum* (tree) and *stein* (stone) and *himmel* (heaven). Some of the combinations growing out of this command are very interesting. For instance, we find Eckstein (corner-stone), Seligman (blessed-man), Himmelreich (kingdom of heaven), Fleischmann (meat-man), Mandelbaum (almond-tree), Grunbaum (green tree), Rosenbaum (rose-tree), Veigelstock (Austrian dialect for gillyflower bush), Braun (brown), Schwarz (black), Weiss (white). From cities and rivers are the Jewish names, so common, Openheimer, Moldauer, Erlanger, Wiener, Pariser, Ofner, Donau. We have also Rothschild (red sign), Honigfeld (honey field), etc.

It will be seen that a German Jew is known by his name. Of late there have been modifications and changes made by families who do not wish to be so readily distinguished, but it is always easy to trace them. Among the first in literature, mu-

sic, the stage, and politics, stand these Jewish names. A wonderful people these, whom no oppression or persecution can put down. In all the great cities of Europe, the finest palaces pointed out to you belong to Jews. In Germany they own the newspapers and the banks. Among this despised people, how brightly stand forth in music the names of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer! Strakosch is a Polish Jew; Wordheimer, the great philologist and grammarian; Sir Hubert Montefiore, the English philanthropist; Scribe, the author of the famous French comedies and *vaudevilles;* Rachel, the *tragédienne;* Spinoza, who founded the modern school of pantheistic philosophy, — but the list grows too long, — are all Jews. I think in Hungary one finds the Jews the most thoroughly disliked. There Jew and Christian are not permitted to marry, and in Budapest the Jew does not have the respect given a dog. In America we do not, with some exceptions, see the better class of this people. Forty Polish Jews came over in the steerage on a ship in which I crossed the sea not long ago.

They were not inviting, I admit; and I fervently pray that they may not multiply in their kind in our country. Even on shipboard they did not escape persecution, but were the occasion and the victims of practical joking. It was very stormy on board one day, when a huge piece of pork was discovered in their bean-soup, dropped into the kettle by a mischievous sailor. But the storm quickly blew over; and with smothered indignation and a characteristic resignation that called forth our admiration, they patiently proceeded to make another soup, and to perform certain religious ceremonies in consequence of having eaten of unclean meat.

In Frankfort, where once they feared for their lives, they are to-day the financial and social power. In the famous Juden Strasse is the old home of the mother of the Rothschilds, and where *the* Rothschild was born. It is only about twenty years since Mme. Rothschild left the dark, crazy street, which is now the delight of artists and tourists, so quaint are its tenements. She believed that when she left the old home bad luck would come

to the family; and I have been told how the elegant equipages would stand before her door, to the delight of all the *gamins* of that section, for it was the thickest tenement quarter of the city. What changes she saw! In her day the Jews were hunted, and hooted at, and at night shut by iron gates into their own quarter; and while they were persecuted they were also robbed and made tools of. Look now at their mansions in that same city.

Near by is the queer house where Luther lived, and the oriel window from which he addressed the people just before starting for Worms to meet the Diet. And in another old house, not far away, Göthe was born, — a house that recalls many gatherings around that wonderful hostess and housekeeper, "Frau Rath," and the restless, elegant young poet. It was one of these dark, narrow streets, the sitting-room of Lilli overlooked, and passers-by often saw Lilli at her piano, and Göthe beside her, drinking in her song, perhaps his own words, "Wherefore so resistlessly dost thou draw me?"

The house in which Göthe was born

belongs now to a company which has restored it to its early appearance as nearly as possible, and gathered together in it a great variety of relics. Very tenderly do the Frankforters hold the memory of this man, who, as some one has rightly said, was to Germany as Homer to Greece, Dante to Italy, and Shakspeare to England, in his influence over its literature and language. It is not possible to say in which room he lay a babe; though that his workroom in after-years was in the roof, we know from the autobiography. When Göthe's mother sold this house, and moved into another, the first law she laid down was this, "There shall be no gossip here." It might well be written over many American doors, with advantage to those within and without. I would like to have been Göthe's mother: how full was her life! yet she was no stranger to sorrow.

We go over the old bridge built five hundred years ago, with its statue of Charlemagne with the globe in his hand. The legend goes, that the Devil extorted from the architect a promise that he should have the "first living thing" which crossed

the bridge. The architect sent a cock over, and on the bridge is placed a great gilt cock to commemorate the event. The cock is there, and that is all I know about the truth of the story. Here the old houses are all built with no doors toward the river, to prevent smuggling in the olden times. Wealthy men are constantly leaving legacies for public institutions, so that the city continually grows in interest. One of these is the Bethmann Museum, in which is Danneker's famous statue of Ariadne, "which is shown *free*, but you must give the porter one mark." That is the way all free things are heralded to you in Europe. You cannot, by-the-by, ask a workman the way in a street, but he holds out his hand in expectation of a reward.

My first experiences in a private family were in Frankfort. The house was of stone, of course, and very stately, with staircases and halls always suggestive of a hotel. In spite of the wealth lavished on furniture and appointments, there is never the *homey* look of an American household. Drawing-rooms are all alike, with their costly vases, intricate wooden floors, and

big bronzes. There are few or no "little things" about. In this superb mansion there were not the comforts of our most unpretending American homes.

It is customary when a member of the family wishes to take a bath (other than a "sponge") to send to a public establishment for a bath-tub and bath-man. I assure you it is quite an event in the household.

Our furnace fires were incomprehensible to them; and, having once told the story of my own telephone, I was called upon daily to repeat to new listeners the wondrous tale, and saw marked plainly on their faces when I concluded, "How well the *Americanerin* lies!" I am confident that was my reputation when I added some facts concerning the New-York Fire Department.

When I arrived at this temporary home of mine, a big iron gate opening into a glass-covered *porte-cochère* gave me entrance, and, as it swung open, set a big bell clanging somewhere in the rear. This caused the servant to be ready to receive me with open door by the time I reached

it. The tiny children of the house were drawn up, each held by a maid in her peasant costume, to give me the customary welcome, by presenting me with flowers, and reciting a verse of German poetry. They had been taught that day an English greeting, and rather surprised me by uttering "Good-by" at the moment of my arrival; but there was more of welcome in their mistake than in most "How-do-you-do's."

The hospitality of the Frankforters is widely known, and their entertainments are celebrated for their sumptuousness. I proved all that had been said of both to be true. Americans are very often in society there, and, if well introduced, meet with much kindness and consideration, and are very cordially, though somewhat ceremoniously, entertained. Socially the line is closely drawn between Gentile and Jew, but both warmly welcome our countrymen.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

HAD it been written that all good people go to Heidelberg instead of to Paris, when they die, I believe it would be less easy to go astray in this wicked world; for my days in that dreamy, fascinating German town were as days in Paradise. It was only when a rascally red-breasted coachman cheated me, and I sometimes ate, or rather sat and looked at, the worst dinners that ever were served, that I fully realized that I was still on this naughty earth. I think, however, I might have been provoked with any dinner that had tempted me to its eating in the Schloss garden, — the dreamiest, most delightful place in the world. Even the stolid Germans, enveloped in smoke, with their foaming beer-mugs before them, and the students with their dogs, and the old knitting-women, could not make the place in the least prosaic. The town, with its thir-

teenth and fourteenth century houses, and its famed university, full of interest as it is, has one crowning glory, — the remains of the Heidelberg Castle, the most beautiful ruin in the world.

It is only a ruin; yet every stone seemed alive to me as no other stone ever seemed alive, and every wall seemed breathing. Almost every other ruin is a pitiful thing; but there is no sadness about the Heidelberg Schloss, with its living mantle of ivy, and its tangle of vines and flowers. Its beauty overcomes all the sorrowful tales of its life. It has gone through its fires to become perfect; for such a great, beauteous thing I know it never was before it became a ruin and a wreck. I do not propose to attempt here a description of the much-written-about Heidelberg Castle, with its various carved façades and its shattered tower, its great court-yard with its arches, and its armor-clad statues in their Renaissance niches. When you see it for the first time you will feel that its beauty and its grandeur have never half been told you; and it is one of the European "sights" you can feel no disappointment

in. Its history might be wiped out, and, all the same, it is worth crossing the sea to look upon.

Inside the castle, you begin to think of the men who have lived out their span in those now roofless rooms. On what a grand scale is every thing! A thousand men could have lived at ease in those great halls. They roasted their oxen whole, under a chimney as wide as a modern drawing-room. They tossed their prisoners into a great tower, known as the "never empty." How immense are their banquet-rooms and audience-chambers and chapels! Were they like you and me, you ask? Had they heads and hearts fitting such an abode? You get impatient when you come upon the portraits, in a gallery, of the old Electors, and find them in no way as good-looking as your own big brother. To what depths the guide carried me there, and to what heights again! How hard he tried to make it all seem commonplace with his stories! There were always people in the cellar dancing on the big tun, and the king's jester in effigy looked on and grinned; and once I

saw there an American girl, who said she thought it was a "real pretty place," and I wanted to box her pretty little ears and send her home.

The students use one of the chapels for occasional orgies; and modern gas chandeliers, draped in greens for coming events, depended from the ceiling: otherwise, with the exception of the grasping guide, the pretty American girl, and the bad dinners, I recall nothing at all like unto this generation about the Heidelberg ruin. It belongs to a past with which the American mind is obliged to struggle to make present or real in any sense. For three hundred years one ivy has crept about it till it has a stem like a tree. There is not an unsightly spot on its exterior, save where Americans have cut or scratched their names. I want to think of the men who once peopled that castle as of a different sort from many of those who go across the water to see it to-day, and deface it. They were cruel and murderous, some of them, no doubt; but I do believe them to have been above the vulgarity of some modern tourists.

And here I would like to express a wish that Congress would pass a law prohibiting a certain class of people from going to Europe. A child that disgraces itself and its parents when abroad should be compelled to stay at home. To prove that I am not too severe, I will quote one or two instances: A lady from a Western city, at the home of Sir Walter Scott, was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea, which she let loose after this manner, her flashing diamonds emphasizing her speech: "Why! Scotland must have been *named for Walter Scott:* mustn't it, though? I really never thought of it before!" And, again, another lady in my hearing, at the Armenian monastery at Venice, where Byron rested and wrote Childe Harold, remarked with charming *naïveté*, "Dear me! I'd quite forgotten *Byron was a monk!* How stupid in me!"

Once in Rome I was sitting at *table d'hôte* at the Costanzi, when an American lady longing for an American dinner, with its meat and attendant satellites of vegetables in small dishes, remarked wearily, "Now, here comes the pease, stringing in

all alone by themselves!" When they reached her, she brightened wonderfully, and exclaimed *very* audibly, "I say, Will, *them pease is beans* this time!" A cold shiver ran down my back as I saw this noted by an English family at the adjoining table. The Americans of whom one can be proud — and there are thousands of them always in Europe — are so quiet that they attract little attention comparatively; while the others, — I grow cold when I think of them. Perhaps I am no more wise; but I boast of being less guileless, and consequently cloaking my ignorance when in "foreign parts."

But to come back to Heidelberg. The gardens spread themselves out to the very tops of the Heidelberg hills. The rapid, shallow, sun-bright Neckar flows through the valley with no other aim than to look lovely; and the quaintest of homes and court-yards border it. The students abound, and, being uniformed, are an interesting sight, especially when tied to dogs, and with heads bandaged. These same students are the most heathenish lot in the wide world. Were I the first to tell you

of their silly duels and wicked suicides, who would believe me? In this century, who would credit the existence of a club, in which, if one member quarrels with another, lots are drawn to settle which of the rivals shall blow out his own brains, each suicide being celebrated with a carousal, winding up with a torchlight dance? But it is true, as are all the strange stories of the bloody duels. The man with the most gashes had the proudest bearing on the streets.

A student jostles another on the pavement: it immediately becomes an "affair of honor." A man flings out to another, as he passes him, "You stupid young-one!" there must be blood shed then surely, for no provocation could be worse. It is a strange survival of middle-age ideas, which happily elsewhere have vanished. Heidelberg students, as a rule, seem to all outward appearances to have few aspirations above fighting duels, owning dogs, drinking beer, and singing songs. It was simply impossible for me to associate them ever with books. Their "hazing" consists in a baptism of beer; and the new

student gets a thorough soaking on his arrival, and he never loses the odor. Their "loving-cup" is a huge horn; and it is not enough that the student in his initiation drinks from it, he must stand up, and have its contents poured over him a few times. They pass most of their time in the parks or at the "Conditorei," and they never go to bed till the police notify them that it is time. There are no dormitories or commons at these universities; and they gather together in beer-gardens and at eating-houses. They wear colored caps and leggings, part the hair down the back, seem to know nothing of the etiquette of good manners, though they cling to an old and barbarous code of honor, to ghastly duels, and to disgusting street-fights between their societies.

Their dogs are magnificent animals, though not always free from blood-thirst. Some of them were so beautiful that I could not resist patting them as they stood in the parks. This gained for me the approval of their masters, who embarrassed me with subsequent salutes, and proved the old adage to be reversed there. In

Heidelberg it is: "You love my dog, you love *me!*"

The only thing that ever elicited from me the slightest admiration for these strange fighting fellows was this incident: One day at the station I saw a dear white-haired old lady, burdened with huge bouquets and wreaths of forget-me-nots, such as only Germans can put together. Around her swarmed the students. I dare not say how many came, and how many flowers they brought. My curiosity was aroused. Of course each student brought his dog; and there was an interesting fight between station-master and dog, dogs not being permitted indoors. As he would get six out of one door, six more would walk in the other; and for some reason he sought no assistance from their masters, who regarded the struggles as none of their affairs. The old lady got into the *coupé;* and still student after student appeared, was presented, laid his flowers at her feet and departed, she flattering them occasionally by noticing a bloody nose or a gashed ear (these cuts are not allowed to heal till the year is over). As I helped

stow away the flowers in the rack, the happy recipient informed me that many years ago she had a student son there; that he took the highest honors, and was the hero of his time. These students, not one of whom she had ever seen, or knew by name, hearing that she was passing through the town, had, to her surprise, paid their respects. How happy that woman was, and how sick and faint those flowers made me in that close *coupé!*

The German fashion of presenting a parting guest with huge bouquets to carry while travelling is well meant; but I have stood dismayed before a half-dozen such, some of them two feet across, with their fringe of lace paper, never daring to throw them away. I remember one eventful journey in a *coupé* in which was a famous actress. Her admirers had made it a bower of sweetest flowers: bouquets were crowded in the racks, and anchors, hearts, and floral monograms occupied half the seats. I remember waking in the night at least half-dead, and wondering if I had wholly died, and had been "laid out" in a bed of tuberoses and jessamine.

A GERMAN SPA.

HOMBURG, the smaller Baden-Baden, is but a short distance from Frankfort, and the fare is but twenty-five cents; so that it is a favorite daily resort of Frankforters and the American residents there. It is a delightful watering-place, with beautiful villas, and parks, and horrible spring-water, and music of the highest order every few hours; and you may take your fill of gazing on grandees from all over the world and of every hue and color. I don't think, however, anybody was more gazed upon, and openly admired as a curiosity, than the colored South Carolina coachman of my friend. He bore his scrutiny bravely, showing the white of his teeth and the whites of his eyes fearlessly; and when he was dethroned, solely because *we* no longer had the courage to face the admiring crowds, he was very much dejected. He had been proud and happy.

We might have been proud, but we could not be happy: so Jerry went to Paris, where, he assured us, "colored gemmen went in society."

This reminds me of a lady of color, whom I saw and rode with in a *diligence* in France for several hours. She was black, very, with unmistakable negro hair and features; but she was a lady. She was exquisitely dressed, spoke French and Spanish, had the carriage and ease of manners of one born to the purple, and was attended by a blonde French maid who paid her mistress great deference. Since I am a woman, it is doubtless not necessary to tell you that I was consumed with curiosity. As for that matter, so were the English and American gentlemen of our party: but she was so thoroughly a "lady" that she was not to be approached; and we saw her drive away from the *diligence* office at Geneva, her rare jewels, set in quaint old silver, flashing back at us as they lay against her swarthy skin, and the little white maid beside her in dainty cap, — and that was all we ever knew of them.

At Homburg there are always Ameri-

cans; and you usually find our legations in foreign capitals well represented; and it is quite customary for our minister at Berlin to take, at that resort, his vacation. The great parks and the beautiful halls are not as carefully kept up as in the old days, when it was a notorious gambling-place. I confess I would like to have seen it under the old *régime*. As you walk through the superb casino with its wonderful carvings and brocaded divans, its glittering mirrors, and frescos, and dazzling gilding, you cannot but reflect that all that splendor is the result of vice, and that virtue could never have afforded such magnificence. Virtue cannot keep it up long, either. To-day these magnificent rooms are used for balls and parties: but the ghosts of its old *habitués* seemed ever to float through the air; and I could, with little effort, hear above the music and the hum of voices, the cry of the *croupier*, "*Le jeu est fait! Faites votre jeu, messieurs!*" What scenes have been enacted there! I could fancy Satan gnashing his teeth, as he contemplated our innocent amusements and calm enjoyment of the

music, remembering how absolute had been his sway in those apartments.

All the German ladies I knew at Homburg regretted that they were no longer permitted to gamble; and their whole manner showed their love of the excitement, as they described the former brilliant scenes in those gorgeous rooms. In Germany at all social games money is staked.

As at all German watering-places, the life is out of doors. Families select a spot in the park, place their bonnets and hats on the grass, and are speedily "at home." They read, knit, smoke, drink, and eat at intervals, as it pleases them; and it pleases them to eat and drink very often. If the music is good, they somewhat noisily show their appreciation: if it does not suit them, they also let it be known. They comment freely on passers-by; and the men know no reason why they should not stare at a woman, especially if she be a foreigner, while she remains within the range of their vision. They consider it complimentary.

The German standard of good manners is entirely unlike ours. I do not want to

say any thing to give offence, and am free to admit that we Americans must often shock, and indeed *do* often shock, Europeans; since our customs permit us to do many things at which they stand aghast. I have a great love for the Germans, whose hospitality has made my visits so delightful. There is a great deal in their character I admire reverently. Under the plainest exterior, I have often found a refinement that was charming, and a degree of sentiment that was rare. They are great-hearted and generous, and usually frank, sometimes ingenuously so. Yet they are full of inconsistencies. "White lies," to speak very mildly, they certainly cannot believe to be recorded against them; and I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that they are not. To tell a falsehood without evil intent, is no sin.

According to their etiquette it is eminently proper to put the elbows on the table, rise and reach as far as the arms will permit, though a servant stands by in gorgeous livery, eat with a knife, and pick the teeth at table or anywhere else, without any pretence of disguising the neces-

sity, if it be one. This last they will argue is quite the proper thing: and so it is in Germany, where custom makes it so; as is also the rinsing of the mouth at dinner, which, however, is simply disgusting all the same. At the most elegant dinner-parties in Vienna I found always the wooden or quill tooth-pick laid at each plate, and it was freely used between the courses. The manners of the lower classes who go about their own land are better not recalled by travellers who wish only to remember pleasant things.

I must say I do not like the everlasting beer-drinking, though I have to admit that the beer is good; but there are times and places for all things, we are taught. In Germany all times and all places are for beer-drinking. "He who drinks beer must think beer and act beer," some one has said. Beer is thrust upon you at every hand. In the Coburg Castle I spent an hour among Luther's books, and finally sat down in the window-seat where he wrote "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*," with my arm upon the table where his manuscript had lain. Naturally I fell into

a revery, alas! to be broken by a guide with, "And *this* is Luther's beer-mug!" The beer-mug was a foot high at the least, and wonderfully decorated, to be sure, and interesting to look upon. But I cried out in my soul, "Can I nowhere escape thee, O Beer?"

One day in Bavaria — it was "Corpus Christi" — I went into the beautiful chapel of the Castle Banz to attend divine service. With the exception of our own party, the worshippers were peasants, all in holiday attire and with wreaths of flowers on their heads. After the service I followed them across the court into a bare, dreary hall of the castle, down the centre of which ran two long deal tables. Along these tables they seated themselves (refusing to remain so, however, after I entered the hall, till I had insisted upon it); and there for four hours they drank beer. Prayer-books, rosaries, black bread, and beer-mugs covered the table. Children not in their teens held foaming glasses between their tiny hands. If I were to tell you how many litres of beer I saw drank by young men and maidens, you would not

credit it. On the terrace, at an adjoining table, I heard a young man boasting that at a students' beer *Kneipe*, thirteen fellows had drank eighty-seven litres in a night. I must admit that there was no drunkenness observable on that day; and everybody seemed good-natured and happy, save the two men who were engaged all those hours in bringing from the cellars keg after keg of the black or yellow beverage.

I have gone far away from Homburg. I think all Americans must like that resort, since there is so much to divert. You may be quiet and recruit strength, or you may "see life." The park is very large, and not at all artificial; and you are invited to picnic in it. All the day through the cuckoo calls, that mysterious, invisible bird, —

> "With no sorrow in its song,
> No winter in its year."

And all the night through, cries the wakeful nightingale, plaintive and sweet, often piteous. If you have never heard a caged nightingale cry for its mate in the stillness

of the night, you know not how grief and despair and longing can be voiced. The law forbids in many places the confining of this bird; but a *concierge* in a house where I once lived owned one; and I often descended to him in the small hours, to plead that the bird be put somewhere out of my hearing lest my heart break.

The children count always the cuckoo's calls, — so many times as he calls, so many years will they live. The young maidens also count, that they may know how many years must elapse before their marriage. And so the children are always happy in the prospect of a long life, and the maidens are made sad; for the cuckoo is one of those things which goes on forever when once started.

It will cost you at least four dollars a day to live at Homburg for a short time during the "season." You have rooms in one of the villas, where you are entitled to a bit of private garden and a balcony. There is no public parlor, and you must therefore hire one for your exclusive use if you wish to receive your friends. Your meals you take out, sometimes in one place,

sometimes in another, generally choosing to take supper where there is music. If it rains, your food can be sent in. There are little tables everywhere inviting you to drop down beside them; and you find yourself after a while killing time, as do the natives, by eating. To eat seems to be the chief end of man, and woman too, in Germany, — to eat and smoke, and eat and knit. One never ceases to wonder that such music and such poetry come from such a nation of eaters, drinkers, and smokers.

SOME DOMESTIC WAYS THAT ARE QUEER.

IT was my good fortune to be much in private households in Germany. While an American cannot eat all that is set out on a private table, there are dishes in plenty that are very palatable. Raw ham, cold sausage, raw fish, caviare, Limburger cheese, bloaters and dried sprats, *sauerkraut*, and pigs' livers, I usually skipped. The Germans dote on salt things and sour things, but these are used mostly as an *appetisant* addition to the dinner. I grow hungry when I recall the delicious roasted pigeons with sour-cream sauce; the baked meat, so well basted and rivalling the best English roast; the red cabbage cooked in wine and sugar; and green salads such as are to be had nowhere but in the *Vaterland*. Some one has said that the German evidently believes with David, in "wine to make glad the heart of man,

and oil to make him a cheerful countenance." Wine and oil are the first requisites to a German feast.

The German breakfast is merely an early bite, as its name *Früh-stück* indicates. One roll and a cup of coffee — delicious coffee made in a machine before your eyes — suffices. This meal is informal, and in some houses is eaten in the drawing-room. You drop in at any time between seven and nine o'clock, and help yourself usually, or are helped by some gentleman present while you sit in a cosey arm-chair. The waiter merely brings in the tray, never remaining to serve. German ladies are not as fastidious as they might be in their appearance at the first breakfast. By eleven o'clock their grand toilets are made; and then comes the second breakfast, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*, when meat or eggs are served, and wine instead of coffee is taken. About two o'clock comes dinner. These dinners are like those at the hotels, very protracted, but they are very enjoyable. The carving is never done on the table. The children of the household sit at table with their

"*Fräulein*" through the first three or four courses, and are then removed. Coffee is served in the drawing-room, or wherever the family chances to be, at four o'clock; and supper is eaten at eight or nine o'clock. I remember at one of these suppers (it was after the opera), my hostess after we had eaten three courses and were half way through the meal, which in an ordinary American household would be an elaborate dinner, remarked, "How *unhealthy* it must be for you Americans to eat meat at breakfast! I think it would kill *me*." And she helped herself a second time to "*Leberwurst*," a popular dish of pigs' livers prepared like *paté de foie gras*, spiced and truffled, while the clock struck eleven. Theatres and operas in Germany begin at six o'clock, that there may be time for supper later.

After my first dinner in Frankfort, my hostess politely asked, "Will you have a cigarette now?" I declined; and later she said, "*When* will you have a cigarette?" I explained that I never used the article, when she exclaimed, "Why! do not *all* American ladies smoke after din-

ner?" She was a very bright, intelligent woman; and her surprise was only equalled by that of a Boston lady, equally bright, who asked me the other day if it did not annoy me to see all the German ladies smoke after dinner, when I informed her it was *not* a German custom.

Somebody has rightly said that there is at once a sense of repletion and emptiness in a German dinner. Your stomach has been filled but not fortified. I think I never ate more at a home dinner than I averaged at my dinners abroad; yet I never rose from the table on the Continent without feeling that I could begin at the very beginning and go through the meal again. *Table d'hôte* at the hotels is a long-drawn-out affair, and there is plenty of time seemingly for the digestion of one course before another appears. Each dish, till you come to the fowl, always accompanied by salad and *compot*, is served separately and forms a course. Somewhere in the middle of the dinner, after the plates are relaid with military precision, green pease are served. You help yourself as the waiter goes down the line, and in

three minutes can eat all you are expected to take; when all the plates are again changed, and every thing made ready, asparagus comes in sight. I have known twenty minutes to be consumed in the serving and eating of these two spoonfuls of vegetables. This is well enough if one has the time, and if one's company can be selected, when there is opportunity for much pleasant conversation; but if you are at a hotel, and in town merely to see the sights, and your *vis-a-vis* is a stout German who spends his intervals in picking his teeth, it is not so agreeable. The *bouilli*, or soup-meat, from which all nourishment has been coaxed, always answers for one course, accompanied by a sour sauce of some kind. Every scrap in a German kitchen comes to table in one form or another.

Do not expect to find national dishes or cooking characteristic of the country at any of the large hotels which lie in the beaten paths of Americans on the Continent. Your dinners in Hamburg, Rome, Paris, and Vienna, will be so much alike that you hold not the slightest difference

in your remembrance; and the service is identical. The *menu*, like the cooking, is usually French. An Italian bill of fare I never saw. In the restaurants and small hotels you now and then find something decidedly novel in the way of a dish; but, as Americans are proverbial for wanting food they are accustomed to, those who cater to them supply them, as far as consistent, with French cookery, of which all nations approve. I have before me the *menus* of a score of hotels in Europe. They are all alike, and not unlike the *menu* of any hotel in New York when dinner *à la Russe* is served.

A Frankfort lady told me that it made her really very ill to see in England a gentleman drink coffee and eat beefsteak at the same time. I don't know what she would do if she saw a Bostonian eat baked beans and oyster-patties, and drink chocolate, for luncheon. There is always a garden attached to a private house, and somewhere in it a dining-table, where in summer half the meals are eaten.

The German always seems eager for an excuse to take a meal out of doors, or, if

possible, to sup out of his own house. I confess I did not take readily to this eating under the trees. Inch-worms and beetles I can dispense with while I dine; and I failed to rise above them, however good the viands proved. Yet there is something very charming in the love of the Germans for the open air, and they will gladly sacrifice almost any other comfort for the sake of sitting under the heavens. It never failed to be queer to me to adjourn to a garden or public restaurant on the sidewalk for after-dinner "coffee," often leaving the most elegantly appointed private dining-room to do so. It seemed to me that the German chafed in his own house. It may not be so, but the project to "dine out" was always hailed with delight; and so we often, at Frankfort, dined at the famed *Palmen Garten*, where there was music and where were also hundreds of other private families who had left their own houses. "It tires one so to always eat at home," they would say; or, "The best cook bores one if you must eat after him all the time." It was rather amusing, as well as surprising, to be asked by a lady

to dine with her, and have the carriage take me to the *Frankfurter Hof*, when I knew her own establishment to be on a superb scale; but she could not understand, that, having once tasted her *cuisine*, I did not infinitely prefer dining with her at a public house the second time.

What would the American servant say if we introduced into our households some of the ways and manners of the Old World mistresses? The German cook is never paid more than five dollars a month, and ten dollars at Christmas, in a household where five or six other servants are kept; and she is expected to leave her domain to perform any duty assigned her in any part of the house. I have even seen her sent for to dress her lady's hair when the dressing-maid has been otherwise engaged. Servants are not allowed white bread, and only the meat from which all the life has been flayed in the making of soup. At Christmas they are each presented with a pound of coffee and sugar; and excepting on Sunday, when two lumps of sugar are allowed, they never have the article. The "*Hausfrau*" who is

prudent carries on her *chatelaine* a little key. German sugar-basins sometimes have locks, and sugar is expensive. She unlocks the basin, and locks it again when the meal is over, leaving out on Sunday the two lumps each for the domestics. Every thing is apportioned by the mistress, who goes much into the kitchen. If the kitchen supper is to consist of rice and milk, half a pint of milk and a cup of rice are allowed for each servant; if of pancakes, one egg for each. All these details are carefully looked out for by the lady of the house, who, according to our American ideas, wastes about two-thirds of her time in this manner. It matters not how wealthy she is: she prides herself upon knowing every detail of her kitchen, and too often enters into discussion of the edibles and their ingredients at table.

The German ladies have the most execrable taste in dress. They invariably spoil the most costly Parisian *toilette* by some addition or arrangement of hair which we call "Dutchy;" and they are aware that the Austrian ladies claim a superiority over them in this respect. There

is little love lost between Prussian and Austrian women. They are entirely unlike in appearance and thought. The first have more heart, the other more tact and taste: at least, such is my conclusion. The Prussian woman grows stout very early, and does not like it because the Austrian woman remains slender, and preserves her remarkable figure till old age. So the Austrian sneeringly calls the Prussian "fat," and the Prussian retorts that the Austrian woman "laces;" and their strong antipathy — for it *is* very strong — seems to grow out of this difference in physique.

Since it is not the habit of Prussian and Austrian ladies to go alone in the street, they can never do so unmolested; while American ladies can go about over there safely, as it is known that it is the custom for all classes to do so at home. "It is not that we cannot trust our daughters; but the men are so bad here," remarked a mother whose daughter had been telling me of her restrictions.

This titled girl of eighteen told me she would be "disgraced" if she were even to drive in the family carriage alone, or if a

gentleman accompanied her in the evening from a neighbor's, even though her maid or footman were with her; and she added, "What a delightful life the American girl has! Imagine how everybody talked of mamma's *indiscretion* when my sister walked an hour with her *fiancé* in the park once, with only me with them!" And that was the nearest that betrothed couple ever came to being alone before their marriage. There is a happy medium between the German girl's restrictions and the American girl's freedom. I wish it might be struck in both lands.

"MINE EASE IN MINE INN."

WHEN you arrive at a hotel on the Continent, you are met at the door by a uniformed *portier*, who assists you from your carriage as if you were a duchess, consults a card or book in his hand, pulls a bell, hands you over with a dancing-school bow to a waiter who also impressively bows you into the house, and you pass directly to your room. You sit down with a feeling that you have paid the establishment great honor in deigning to live in it for a brief time. You call no servants: they call upon you immediately, and beg you to make known your wants. There is such an uncertainty about the American hotel-clerk that you feel glad to have escaped that feature of the home hotel, though it may have often been your experience to fall upon angels unawares in that capacity.

You have not even the trouble of regis-

tering your name. In due time a waiter appears with a printed blank, in which he records your name, occupation, and destination, for the benefit of the police, who in German cities keep posted concerning all strangers within their gates — at least, they will tell you that it is to answer police requirements, but it is my private opinion that it is for the benefit of resident "American dentists." They certainly get your address in a surprisingly short time, and within twenty-four hours they fairly deluge you with their business cards. It is said that the German dentist of the period learns English, wears Yankee boots, and writes upon his sign "American Dentist," and thrives in consequence.

"Did madame rest well?" ask a whole army of servants when you rise in the morning. "Was madame properly served?" queries the *portier* as you come from the dining-room. There may be a trifle of servility in the civility shown you; but you mind it little, since you are so well cared for. In every hotel bedroom you find a writing-desk, with ink, pens, and blotters, all in perfect order, — a

hint to hotel-keepers in this country. On this desk every evening you find your bill for the day. You are not expected to pay it, but you have opportunity for correcting errors. I believe, however, I never found but one error in a hotel bill in Europe, and that was instantly made right. This is the more remarkable; since every article of food — bread, butter, eggs, etc. — is charged; and my first hotel bill frightened me by its excessive length, till I found it was made up of trifles.

When you leave a hotel, there will be ordinarily from six to eight persons at the door to bid you God-speed. You are wished *bon voyage* by the whole household. "Service" is included in your bill; and therefore you have nobody to fee, except those who have done you some special favor, and the *portier* always.

Now, this *portier* is a blessing; and he is cheap enough, considering what he does for one. It is his business to know every thing, and to answer questions. A lady in America often experiences inconveniences in a city hotel, of which a gentleman has no idea. She cannot go to the office,

cannot consult the register, and often misses her best friend, who may chance to be in the same house for a day during her stay, a fact she cannot know. She cannot consult time-tables and theatre announcements, or even the telegraph-operator in the house. These she must take second-hand. The bell-boy knows nothing of matters outside, as a general thing. She summons the clerk, who comes, pen in hand, every movement showing her that she has taken him from his proper place, though he may be gracious enough. She puts her questions as quickly as possible, and he flies. Alas! she has forgotten an important one, but has not the courage to ring him up again, and manages to get something out of the bell-boy, and let the rest go.

In Europe there is a bell in your room marked "*portier*." And, I repeat, the *portier* is a blessing, especially to ladies. He carries the "register" in his pocket on slips of paper. He sends the theatre announcements to your room without solicitation; he will tell you the price of every seat in every house of entertainment in

town; there is not a railway-fare to any point but he has at his tongue's end; he will write you a telegram in any language you wish; he is ready to direct you to any shop, to advise you concerning any purchase you may wish to make, map out a day's sight-seeing — in fact, the man knows every thing, and is anxious to impart his knowledge. When you leave the hotel you fee him according to the length of your stay. By some invisible power he has brought every thing to you, and he is satisfied with a sum you would expend on errand-boys in New York in a single day. I am told that *portiers* in Europe are paid no wages, but instead pay for their positions. So valuable are they to travellers that they can afford to pay a large amount for their privileges; and one *portier* in Geneva is said to buy his place for five thousand dollars a year. As that hotel is largely patronized by Americans I can believe it is a profitable investment.

It was not my experience to find at European hotels generally a spirit of imposition; though I recall one instance in Switzerland, where we were not even

imposed upon politely. Never buy bread at Andermatt, at the Hotel Bellevue, where you must spend the night in going over the St. Gothard Pass. At breakfast I took four tiny white rolls from the breakfast-table, ordered them put into white paper, and asked the cost. "Four francs." Eighty cents for four rolls that would have cost me eight in New York! There were five of us, and we had each sought to buy four rolls. But we were not to be imposed upon, and we tumbled them all back on to the table. Reason with the proprietor we could not. We were ten miles from any other bread, and we were Americans. But the air was crisp, and we were sure to be hungry in an hour, and the *diligence* was at the door. The waiters had turned their backs. Simultaneously we yielded to temptation, and twenty rolls disappeared in our pockets. One of us had been charged for wine never had, and another had been charged for a candle never burned. So we took our seats in the *diligence*, with innocence written all over our faces; and as we drove away, just in time not to be arrested, we drew forth one

roll after another before the amazed landlord. But those "dreadful Americans" were dashing over the "Devil's Bridge" in high glee before he had recovered his speech.

It is the universal belief on the Continent that all Americans are wealthy. I am not surprised at this; since so many seem to be people of leisure, and travel so expensively. "I suppose," said a little German baroness to me one day, "that you are *very rich*, like all your people. Would you mind telling me just how much money you have got?" The inquisitiveness of the German is something very amusing and often trying. In polite society it is somewhat smothered, but it crops out most surprisingly on the cars and steamboats. The most minute questions were put to me by strangers, as to my home and my worldly goods, till in despair I manufactured such stories as startled them into silence. For the same reason that I knew my countrymen a mile off, I suppose the natives always knew me to be an American; and they all have the liveliest interest in Americans.

It never ceased to be surprising to hear the innocent abuse of each other in which German ladies indulged. I say innocent, because it seemed to make no impression on anybody. "So you have dined with the Baroness R. to-day? And was she painted red and white? and did she fight with the poor old baron while you were there?" asked Frau N. Neither lady had I seen or heard of till that day. The Baroness R. had said, "And so you drive with Frau N. to-day? She is a hateful thing. Oh, she will tell you no end of lies!" And that night a blonde little bride, with a face like an angel, said to me, "*Ach!* how I hate both of those women you met to-day! Did you not find them very conceited?" And the next day some one was sure to insinuate that the little bride was nothing but a chatter-box, and would without doubt lead her *Mann* a dreadful life.

It is true that the shopkeepers look upon us Americans as legitimate prey, and have one price set apart specially for us. One day I went shopping alone in Vienna. Every thing was astonishingly high. After

some words with the shopkeeper over a travelling ulster, for which he charged me ten dollars, I left the shop. I wanted that ulster, and returned the next day with an Austrian friend and a regular patron. She quietly asked the price of the same garment, while I stood in the background, and was told five dollars. That was one of many such experiences. My friend chided this particular shopkeeper; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and said, "But the Americans are *so* rich, you know, it is quite right that they pay us more than you." And this to a lady who could have bought me out with one of her many jewels. I must say that Americans are much to blame for this state of things. Their display of wealth, if they have it, is ostentatious, and often vulgar, and calculated to dazzle the tradespeople.

IN THE AUSTRIAN PARIS.

VIENNA will not long content itself to be called the *little* Paris. It is now almost as beautiful a city, and, I am told, quite as wicked a one: it is wicked enough certainly. The older part of the city, though interesting, is somewhat gloomy and forbidding: but the new portion, even though unfinished in many places, is very splendid; and when the *Ring Strasse* is completed, Paris will have nothing finer. But I do not propose a description of its avenues or its edifices; since both have come to be so well known on this side of the Atlantic, through much travel and much reading. A sojourn in the Austrian capital may extend over a year, and all its fascinations and delights are not to be exhausted. There is no city with so variegated an out-door life. The street sounds alone are amusement for a month.

The Viennese love the open air as much

as do the Prussians, but the horror they have of admitting it to their dwellings is very comical and decidedly uncomfortable. You will never have the courage to open a car-window the second time, such black looks and ejaculations of surprise will greet you at your first daring of this sort. To them a draught means death. To eat and drink, however, under the heavens at nightfall, is a delight to every man, woman, and child, to whatever class they belong. There are gardens and parks for every grade of society, and some where ladies of the nobility, and workingmen and their sweethearts, sit amicably at adjoining tables, their laughs harmoniously intermingling. I was never in a city where laughing is so universal. You always hear it, at every hour of the day, and on every side; and if you wake at night you are sure to hear somebody laughing under your window. At first I said to myself, "How supremely happy is every one!" but later I came to think that this laughter was in consequence of habit, and *not* the spontaneous outlet of a joy within; but it was very pleasant to hear, all the same.

The Hofgarten is the resort of the court; but I liked better the Volksgarten, though one hears almost too much English there. At the latter, Strauss's orchestra and a fine military band play alternately at the evening concerts. The Viennese worship anybody by the name of Strauss. Eduard was leader of the orchestra during my stay, and I must confess that the sight of him always marred the effect of the delicious music. His antics, said to be the eccentricities of genius, were simply ridiculous; and so sure am I that he went through all his monkey-like motions because he felt that the eyes of all the world might be turned upon him, that I would be willing to wager, that, were he invisible to his audience, he would save himself all such perspiring exertion.

In these gardens we ate ices, or drank coffee or "*Sauer Milch mit Rahm*," and wine. But beer I do not remember to have been offered me by the friends whose guest I was on these occasions. The Austrian lady of the upper class, unlike the Prussian, does not drink beer in public, and she is in many ways more dainty;

though she is even more fond, if any thing, of using publicly the abomination of the two countries, — the toothpick.

My homes in Vienna, when I was a guest, were always in apartments. Judging from the expense for the rental of those rooms, they ought to have been very elegant, and they *were* among the best of their kind; but to an American they were so inconvenient that we would scorn at home to keep house in them unless compelled to have no choice. The rooms were very large, with very high ceilings, and were arranged to be thrown together in one grand *salon*. All the floors were handsome, and were kept beautifully polished by men who came in from outside once a week to take care of them. Family portraits, for generations and generations back, hung upon the walls; and genuine old armor was arranged in places from floor to ceiling. Every thing was costly and artistic, and somewhat stately, but never so cosey and homelike as are our houses in America, which err the other way, and too often look nowadays much like cheap museums.

Never once was I in one of these Vienna apartments where it was possible to get into the drawing-room from the front door, without going through the dining-room; and in every instance the kitchen opened from the main hall, and all the supplies went through it, and all the food was carried across it to the table in the dining-room. In the two houses where I became well enough acquainted with the domestic arrangements to know, the butler and footman slept in this same hall, and the cook, chambermaid, and lady's maid slept in the kitchen. There is a peculiarly constructed kitchen-table used in Vienna, in the bottom of which is a drawer, which, pulled out, reveals two beds: one of these is placed at night on top of the table, the other is left in the drawer which remains open, and in it the maid sleeps, while above her the cook reposes. As only rolls and coffee (made in the drawing-room) are served in the morning before the eleven o'clock breakfast, there is plenty of time, to their thinking, to convert the sleeping-apartment into a well-regulated kitchen. A bath-room I never saw.

This "apartment" I have described was not the home of people who lived thus for economy's sake. The gentleman of the house had been *aide-de-camp* to the emperor, and his daughters had grown up with the crown prince; while the lady of the house gave fortnightly balls in these rooms during the season, that were notable for their elegance. These rooms were heated by porcelain stoves,—some of handsome colored faience, which, over there, cost between one and two hundred dollars each,—and the rooms were lighted by candles. How the Austrian lady makes her toilet at night with any comfort, must ever remain a mystery to me, while I remember the dismal efforts on my own part to get even a faint idea of my appearance before being ushered into a drawing-room. Two candles, one fastened in either side of the little mirror on the dressing-table and two more held by the dressing-maid behind you, while you strain your eyes for the final faint reflection of yourself, is the greatest amount of illumination you may expect in your bedroom.

The bath-room is not so much missed; since the Viennese ladies almost invariably drive in the morning to a bath in a river, where the water in a tank is carefully filtered, and there for an hour they swim. Not to know how to swim is almost as bad as not to know how to read; and in the smallest of inland towns, where there is neither lake nor river, there is invariably a natatorium.

Many of their domestic ways are different from ours. Into the hands of the cook is placed a sum of money to be spent for the table supplies for the day; and every morning she stands before her mistress with her book, and accounts for each *Kreutzer* spent. When night comes, and supper is eaten, as a rule, not a scrap of food remains in the house. It is not considered desirable that there should be; as they have no refrigerators or cellars as do we, and therefore have no facilities for keeping provisions. As butter never contains salt, it must be fresh every morning. Bread is never baked in the house; and the domestic flour-barrel is unknown, a quantity sufficient for pastry, etc., being pur-

chased as needed. Rye bread (sour and full of caraway-seeds) is sometimes baked at home; but the Austrians regard the Americans who will be bothered with bread-making and laundry-work in their own domiciles as very foolish. And they are quite right.

The Vienna aristocracy remain out of town until Christmas, enjoying the country thoroughly, and somewhat after the English fashion. Hunting is a favorite amusement. The "season" in town lasts from the middle of December to the first of June; and May is of all months the month to be there if you have but one. The Prater, the beautiful drive and park, is then a brilliant scene; and it is there and then you see the handsome Austrian women to perfection. They are famous for their slender, willowy figures; though it is by no means the figure of the Venus de Milo nor of the Capitoline Venus, since with broad shoulders they have long, slight waists, more of the hour-glass type: but they are very graceful. With no reason for feeling under-sized at home, I felt positively minute in a Vienna drawing-room,

where all the women were half a head taller than I, and had hands and feet proportionately large, but both beautifully shaped. Many times in Austria I purchased No. 6 and No. 5¾ gloves much under price, as there was so little demand for them that the dealers gladly ridded themselves of them at a discount. A special shape glove is made for America, where hands are much more slender. At the china-manufactories, too, they make American sets of china, which differ from sets for the European market in that they include the small "sauce-plates," and the individual butter-plates, used in no other country. In Vienna I often saw butter served from a large-mouthed glass dish, jar-shaped, into which the butter was nicely packed, and then covered with about an inch of cold water. You dug the butter out with a small silver knife. It was not a very convenient arrangement. The individual (?) salt-cellar, thank Heaven! never appears on the table of a European hotel, and ought to be banished from this land; since it belongs to one individual at breakfast, to

another at dinner, and to still another at supper.

The Austrian lady, even of the nobility, eats with her knife. She does it very dexterously too. There is no greater violation of table etiquette there than to turn the sharp side of the knife to the tongue. She rinses her mouth after dinner in rose-water, which is in a glass placed in her finger-bowl. Gentlemen and ladies both adjourn to the library or drawing-room for liquors and coffee and cigars after dinner. Both ladies and gentlemen take each a thimbleful of *Chartreuse* and a very tiny cup of coffee, and the ladies light the cigars for the gentlemen; and all sit down together for an hour of chatting.

Go to Vienna in May with a well-filled purse, for you need double the money you need in Paris or Rome. It is in that month that the ceremony of the washing of the feet by the emperor and the empress takes place at the palace. Twelve old persons sit down to a great feast, which is not eaten; the viands, and even the dishes and cutlery, being sent after them when they depart. The emperor and the em-

press wipe with a napkin the bare feet of these poor people, after an attendant has poured water upon them from an ewer of gold. The emperor kneels before each, and sometimes takes the foot in his hand; but the empress very daintily *dabs* each, once or twice, with the napkin between her fingers.

Easter is the great holiday. For three weeks after, you literally walk on egg-shells in and about the city. The ground is carpeted with them, even into the woods. The air, too, is full of the odor of gingerbread. Among all classes red eggs are exchanged as gifts, jewels sometimes being cunningly concealed within them. On Easter Sunday afternoon the peasant girls go about making calls, receiving at each place from one to a dozen eggs, till they have fifty in a bundle, which they eat at their leisure. If the supply of eggs is exhausted, a piece of money is bestowed. On the following Sunday, called by the peasantry Small Easter, the boys go about exacting and getting eggs everywhere.

At the first communion of the lower classes in Vienna, the godfather or god-

mother gives to the girl communicant quantities of gingerbread till she is actually loaded down with it, and to the boy a silver watch also. All about the cathedral are erected booths for the sale of gingerbread in fantastic shapes, and whole stores are devoted to it for the time. *Why* gingerbread is chosen for this purpose, I do not know.

Among the higher classes it is customary to send by a servant on Easter morning, a leg of veal, some eggs, Easter bread, and some salt, carefully arranged in a white cloth, to the church, where, either before or after the mass, it is blessed by the priest. It is then brought home, and set out in the dining-room to be partaken of by all callers on that day. Every egg-shell and crumb remaining is carefully burned.

The Austrian empress shows herself very seldom now to the Viennese, many of whom complain of it, and openly blame the emperor that he permits her to deny the people the pleasure of seeing her, which once they so much enjoyed. She will go down into history as the empress

who loved her horse. Her great beauty is almost ruined by her exposure in the chase; and all the photographs of her with which we are familiar were taken a great many years ago.

CLEVER AUSTRIAN WOMEN.

THERE are no ladies in the world so capable of doing many things, and doing them well, as the Austrian ladies. I refer to those of high birth. I care not what they may be called on to do, from cutting a dress to making a salad, they are always ready. Young girls with titles and fortunes are sent to famous milliners and dressmakers, where they serve a regular apprenticeship, and remain until perfectly able to cut and make any garment.

An Austrian lady that cannot swim, or does not know how to ride a horse well, is an exception. Needlework of every kind, even to the making of lace, is a part of every girl's education. There is no smattering of any thing: whether she learns the piano, or to draw, she learns it thoroughly. If she has no talent at all for an art, — which is seldom, — she lets that art entirely alone. Her pedestrian

accomplishments put us quite to shame: her efforts of memory are another source of wonder to us. This wonderful memory which enables Austrian girls to repeat sometimes the whole of "Paradise Lost," or an entire drama, comes from practice begun in babyhood. Every day the girl is expected to learn a poem or a page. She often does it while making her toilet; and at last, from habit, a poem requires but a single reading, and it is stowed away in the memory safely. As linguists they are famous. This, too, comes from learning when very young. An Austrian lady, who chances to sit by me at this moment, tells me that at eight years old it mattered not to her or to her sisters whether she spoke German, English, or French; and she recalls no effort in learning those languages foreign to her.

The court language is French; and the learning it is therefore compulsory, and I often found it spoken more generally in private families than German. Servants are expected to speak both French and German.

It is only among the nobility and higher

classes that one finds these accomplishments. The burghers' daughters will not condescend to the learning of dressmaking and cooking, which the titled lady can do without thought of its reflecting on her social position. And so the young women to whom such knowledge would be of practical benefit are inefficient; while the Princess Stephanie, and all the ladies at the court have at their fingers' ends the power to do any thing.

I could not but contrast often the simplicity of manner and attire of these ladies, some of whom traced their lineage back to the times of the knights, with the arrogance and self-assertion of some of the *nouveaux riches* of America, who talk loudly of "exclusiveness" while dressed in satin, lace, and diamonds at a watering-place casino in the morning. If the European lady has not always the perfect taste which characterizes the American in her dress, she certainly knows one thing better, — to dress suitably for the occasion. She does not wear her diamonds and French gowns to church; she does not go shopping in black satin and pearls;

but at a ball or a dinner-party she is regal in fine clothes and costly ornaments. An American girl would have stood amazed at a fashionable lawn-party which I once attended, where all the ladies were in the simplest of prettily-made calico and cotton dresses.

Ladies whose family jewels would have stocked a shop, and whose inherited laces were of priceless value, wore in the street and on these occasions dresses that the American girl would scorn to wear on the beach at Newport on a summer morning, because of their simplicity; but when the occasion demanded elaborate dressings, they were dazzling. In Vienna I went with a young baroness to try on a dress she was having made to wear at the afternoon ball to be given at the emperor's school for the education of officers' sons. She was twenty, had a million florins in her own right, had been brought up with the emperor's children for a time, when her father had been *aide-de-camp;* and the jewels she had already inherited, and which were to come to her, had dazzled me when spread out for my seeing one

day. I had fancied her dress to be something very elegant. Imagine my surprise when it proved to be a dainty cotton satine, fifty cents a yard in America, with which she was to wear simple turquoise jewelry. But she was the belle of the ball. Later I saw her at a christening, where she was godmother; and she was resplendent in satin and jewels. Elaborate and expensive dressing is reserved by young ladies for really great occasions; and forty yards of lace, and diamonds, are not seen on girls in European horse-cars, as in New York. The higher the position abroad, the more simple the attire in public.

The needlework in Vienna always made my eyes ache to look upon. The needle seemed to be ever in the hand, and was even brought to the table at all meals, except at dinner, and stitches were set between the courses. They make whole carpets there by piecing together squares of Berlin cross-stitch; and some of them are ugly enough too. But they do also the finest of embroideries, and make the most exquisite of lace; and will so deftly

piece curtains out of colored bits of silk that they are easily mistaken for stained glass windows.

While I was in Vienna a lady returned from Cologne, where she had been studying the beautiful old windows of the cathedral. She had brought with her the exact counterpart of one, made from colored silks, which she had been months piecing together. This she hung in her window; and the emperor, riding by one night, saw it as the light from within shone through. He stopped his carriage with an exclamation of amazed delight, and on the next night asked that he might be driven by the window again. He sent to inquire where such a wonderful window had been manufactured, and was very much surprised to learn that it was not of glass, and not an antique, but made by the fingers of one of his feminine subjects. A messenger approached the lady with the request that she would sell the curtain, as his Majesty desired it at the palace. The owner refused to do so, but immediately after sent it herself to the emperor, with a note saying that it was for sale to no one,

but she gladly *gave* it to her sovereign; and it now hangs in his apartment. I hope that the emperor as delicately rewarded her for her sacrifice. The effect of stained glass is often produced by bits of silk in country churches, made by the ladies on whose estates they are situated.

The Austrian lady of station who does not know how to cook, I may almost say does not exist. Every detail of the *cuisine* she is acquainted with. A story is told by Viennese ladies of another, who, having neglected this branch of her education, allowed, at a great dinner-party which she gave, two dishes *of the same color* to be served in succession, a fault for which she was hardly to be forgiven. The princesses of the royal households attend a course of lectures from a *chef* entirely upon the order of serving.

Young ladies do not learn the art of cooking at cooking-clubs, or from public lessons, as here in America, and they rarely learn in their own kitchens. It is the custom to go to some great house, the house of a princess, or to a very rich banker's, where there are famous *chefs*, by

whom they are taught. When a *chef* engages to cook for a nobleman, he stipulates that he is to have the privilege of teaching as many young ladies as he chooses. These young ladies need not even know the mistress of the house, and they make their arrangements with the cook only.

For a course of lessons lasting through the winter, each pupil pays the cook thirty gulden, which is about fifteen dollars. This includes instruction in every particular. If a banquet is to be given, a grand breakfast, or an elaborate supper, the young ladies are notified, and are there to see the dishes decorated, and to learn the order of serving. They watch every process. Were you to descend to a kitchen at such a time, you would no doubt find these girls suffused with blushes; for these lessons always foretell marriage, and are the last and finishing touches of a maiden's education. But it would be a breach of etiquette for any member of the household to trespass in that department, which belongs to the cook and his young pupils. This is very much as if the cooks of the

Astors and Vanderbilts were permitted to receive a half-dozen young ladies from Fifth Avenue, on the occasion of a very grand dinner-party, and explain to them the mysteries of each dish as it left their hands. Since young ladies must ordinarily be in the dining-room themselves on such occasions in their own households, it follows that these processes they cannot watch at home, never mind on how grand a scale things are. And so in Austria all noble young ladies learn these things in another kitchen than their own.

It may happen that never afterward are they obliged to make practical use of the knowledge thus gained; but it is nevertheless invaluable, and a housewife there cannot expect the respect of her servants if she is incompetent to judge of the manner in which they perform every duty. My own observation does not lead me to think that Austrian and German ladies in the cities suffer very much less from ill health than do American ladies, who have this unhappy reputation of being invalids. Those who are strong and well perform remarkable feats of pedestrianism; but one

hears something about a "headache," and being "tired," in almost every drawing-room, even as at home.

The Austrian woman does not "dawdle," as does the American too often. She is brought up from childhood to be busy, and she has a happy faculty of converting every task into a pleasure. I do not like to think of the women of the laboring classes, bronzed and brawny, working in the streets and on the roofs. In no way can I associate them with the *grande dame* of the *salon*, though both are called *women*.

ICH VERSTEHE SIE NICHT!

IT was a perfect June morning, when four of us — all feminine — stood at the hotel door in Vienna waiting for our courier. We were to go that day over the Semmering Pass and to the Adelsberg Cave in Southern Austria. The courier had gone out to make final arrangements for our comfort. I don't know why, but there is something in the American abroad that restrains him from ever admitting in the presence of his courier, that *any* accommodations are equal to those to be found in his native land. This special courier of ours, having led many of our countrymen through Europe, had heard so much of America, which he had never seen, that he had come to look upon it as a country whose streets were paved with gold, whose railway-cars were palaces on wheels, and whose hotels were so grand and magnificent that the royal families of

Europe were not half so well housed as travellers in our land. The most sumptuous apartments he always offered us with an apology. Poor fellow! He had never taken an American through a royal palace without hearing the remark made — sooner or later — "Looks very much like an American hotel."

This particular June morning he came to us at the Vienna *Hof* with a look of satisfaction on his face such as I had never seen it wear. His announcement explained his happiness: "I have secured for you seats in an *American* car: now, *mesdames*, you will be satisfy." He did not reply to some one's question as to *how* an American car had gotten into that country, but helped us into our carriage with an air of triumph. It must be said that while we had recognized the superiority of European cars over our own in many ways, we had from principle always displayed before him a heartfelt longing for a real American vehicle.

It was therefore with some curiosity that we followed the guard. Poor courier! I shall never forget how dejected he

looked when four women burst into hearty laughter in his face as he helped them into the "American car." Its resemblance consisted only in that we entered at the end. The interior was divided into a succession of boxes, doors running through the centre. It was thoroughly comfortable, however; and there was a platform at the rear, upon which our section opened. That platform looked *homey;* and two of us had designs on it from the first, having in remembrance rides on rear platforms over many a dangerous and delightful road at home. We were to creep up mountains that day, and dash over gorges. We began to bless our poor courier for that platform, all of which he did not understand till later.

This region is wonderful to the tourist. We have railway engineering perhaps quite as remarkable, but the country is full of an interest that no section at home can gain for a long time yet. The view, soon after leaving Vienna, is delightful. On the broad plain, with its pretty villages, grows the finest of the Austrian wines, the *Oberkircher*, which takes its name from

the fact that the vineyards lie high above the church at Gainfahrn. This wine is sometimes called *Merkenstein*. There are famous baths, notable ruins, and picturesque castles hereabouts; and a little farther on, the Schneeberg mountain comes in view. The little town of Neustadt, the birthplace of several emperors, is surrounded by a high-pinnacled wall. One of the "sights" shown you here are great fields of Indian corn. In the Neustadt church is a monument, whose inscription would not seem so strange in America, accustomed as we are to ups and downs. It is that of Cardinal Khlesel, "born the son of a baker, died Chancellor of the University of Vienna, and Minister of the Emperor Matthew." Near this town is also the ancient ducal castle of the Babenberg family. All over its walls, with the date 1445, is inscribed "A. E. I. O. U.," which was the motto of Frederick III., and which stood for "*Aller Ehren ist Osterreich voll*" (Austria is full of all honors). But I cannot linger over the stately castles, and pilgrim churches, and the wonderful châteaux of Austrian princes, and the vine-

clad abbeys, among which the American could spend a month.

At Gloggnitz the Semmering Railroad begins. It was the first of the Continental mountain railways, and is the most imposing work of this description in all Europe. Twenty-five miles of this road cost eight millions of dollars. It is carried along the faces of precipices by fifteen tunnels and fifteen bridges. You cannot conceive of the picturesqueness and grandeur of the views. We lose one mountain peak to find another; one castle, only to see another stand forth on a mountain side; and far below a green beautiful river plays hide-and-seek all the way. The road winds in and out among the mountain peaks; creeps up green slopes, passing through pine forests; shoots under great stony crags capped with castles; and at one point you look down three thousand feet, and you are brave indeed if no feeling of fear comes upon you. Before you reach Semmering, the old Castle Klamm of the Lichtensteins stands out against the sky, crowning a pinnacle higher than any altitude in our own country east

of the Mississippi. You wonder how ever it was built, and how ever it was reached, for the rocky way to it seems impregnable; but now the great structure is slowly going to decay, and the locomotive screams into its very face.

It was at Gloggnitz that we took to the platform, which was safe enough, as it was protected by a locked iron railing. Securely enough we clung to the doorway, but from somewhere descended a guard upon us. For once we boasted of knowing no language but our own. He begged, entreated, and expostulated that we would go inside: to all of which we calmly replied, "*Ich verstehe Sie nicht;* speak to us in English," and pretended that we had no knowledge of the German tongue. He would retreat, only to re-appear and wring his hands; and once he brought another man, who also retreated in despair: but we clung to the platform. We dared show no intelligence when these worthies consulted together about those "—— *Americanerinnen.*" Bad words never sound so bad in another language; and we cared little, as long as we kept the platform.

We did not flinch, or let a muscle contract, when one of them exclaimed, "*Donner-wetter!*" (thunder-weather) that most dreadful of German oaths. They finally decided that only physical force could move us; and as we sat, four of us, with our arms intwined about each other, and given up entirely to the scenery, I fancy we did not look very pick-up-able, so they finally left us.

The ride was not without its terrors; and we often shut our eyes to the dizzy heights, and looked below with a shudder.

The road crosses one valley on an aqueduct of nine arches, then runs through a tunnel one mile long. At one place the train traverses a long gallery with apertures for light, and resting on arches and bridges. The retrospect of these bridges, with their double row of arches, is very fine; and the engineering calls for the most breathless admiration. The ascent at the culminating point is three thousand feet above the starting-place, and is reached in an hour and a half, including stoppages. After this came peaceful vine-clad valleys, and at every mile a château

or castle, with its history, till at last, though again by means of a rocky gallery of thirty-five arches, the road reaches Gratz, the capital of Styria.

Gratz is a delightful place for Americans to linger in, first because many do not do so. It has about a hundred thousand inhabitants, among them a large number of retired officers. I have been told of a party where the generals, on being counted, numbered sixty-two. Here, again, on the cathedral, we find the bombastic A. E. I. O. U. of Frederick III. The university is the finest building of its kind in all Germany. There are beautiful views to be had from the heights, and the environs are very interesting. I am told that it is very inexpensive and very healthful at Gratz. It has come to be the fashion for Americans to go year after year to the same places, ignoring the fact that Europe is not "done" when its beaten paths have been trod, and all its capitals and watering-places visited. The Semmering valley is a delightful place to summer in.

At the end of the pass we presented

each guard with a substantial token of our appreciation of his interest in us, turning a nice little speech in the very best German we knew; and we didn't wait to see more than their first struggle between amazement, indignation, and delight. There is no poultice for an European wound like a silver florin, and I am sure they finally blessed us.

From Gratz to Adelsberg is not a long distance. Here there is a great summer hotel and a wretched village; but the hotel is removed from the ugly town, and its outlook is beautiful. Pretty peasant girls wait upon you, and salute you always with the greeting of that section, "*Kusse die Hand, gnadige Frau*" (I kiss your hand, gracious lady). At Adelsberg are the celebrated stalactite caverns. These were known in the middle ages, but were lost sight of, and re-discovered in 1816. The entrance-fee to this remarkable succession of grottoes is about thirty-five cents. Each guide costs forty cents more, and one pays all the way from one dollar to ten dollars for illuminating.

There chanced to be a large party in the

cavern on the day of our visit, and there were over three thousand lighted candles set in little sockets in the wall at frequent intervals. These sometimes outlined the path for a quarter of a mile ahead. In each of the great chambers calcium lights were burned, and each guide carried a blazing torch.

Two miles and a half we penetrated into the bowels of the earth, passing from one great chamber to another, over bridges which crossed rushing waters. It was a weird, strange sight; the twinkling candles, the waving torches, the moving figures. The stalactites, which form the roofs of these great halls, are very beautiful: they pass all description. In some places they resemble rose-colored curtains draped from the ceiling, or take the form of a lovely petrified waterfall; and the stalagmites bear a resemblance to trees and to human beings or beasts. One known as "the Leaning Tower of Pisa" is almost a *facsimile* in miniature of that famous column. The stalactites are ordinarily dazzlingly white, their crystals sparkling in the dancing lights like millions of diamonds. Now

and then a great sheet as of tortoise-shell depends from the ceiling, behind which the guides throw the light of their torches.

Once a year, on Whit-Monday, a great ball is given in one of these caverns. Imagine this ball-room a mile and a half into the earth, — a room three hundred and ninety-four feet long and a hundred feet high. When brilliantly illuminated, it presents a remarkable appearance; and as many as three hundred persons have danced in the cavern at one time. With the music of the orchestra is blended the murmur of the underground river Poik. The Franz Joseph-Elizabeth Grotto, discovered in 1829, is a hundred and eleven feet high, seven hundred feet long, and six hundred and fifty feet wide, and is just a mile and a quarter from the entrance. The size of these great caverns is magnified greatly by the feeble, uncertain light; and the space seems boundless. You stand on a natural bridge of rock, and sixty-two feet below you rushes the river.

Difficult indeed is it to appreciate these caverns while in them, and more difficult is it to comprehend them from a distance. It

was as if I had stepped from the face of this earth into another, and *not* better, world. Coming out the last of the party, the guide behind me gathered the candles, blew them out, and put them in his basket. I hardly dared look over my shoulder, — the blackness behind me was something terrible; and as we emerged from the entrance, and the gate closed, I had the same sensation as when one sees the lights go out in a theatre. I could never make the place *real* after, and that is why perhaps I cannot write more graphically about it. One realizes the antiquity of these grottoes in reflecting that no perceptible addition is made to these stalactites by the dropping of water in thirteen years, and I have been told that it takes one hundred and fifty years to make an inch. Many of the stalactite columns have a diameter of twelve feet, and depend forty feet from the ceiling in places. A beautiful little animal of a pale red color, which lives in the waters of the subterranean lake, was shown us. A railway is now laid for a mile and a half into the caverns, going through all the great halls which seem numberless, and

small hand-cars are pushed by guides. The temperature is forty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and in places it is very damp.

We were a little over two hours in making the exploration, and, of course, bought any number of bogus pieces of stalagmite points at the entrance as we came away. Judging from the number of "specimens" each the point of a stalagmite, we saw sold at the gate, the Adelsberg caverns would hold out about six months; and I would willingly have paid the price of one for the information as to *where* these specimens really did grow, but such information was denied me.

The venders could not understand our German, when we put the question, and strangely enough reminded me of a party of American ladies who rode the day before on a car-platform. "*Ich verstehe Sie nicht*," they said.

"THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE."

ONE lovely summer morning we bade our Vienna friends good-by, and took the steamer down the Danube for Budapest, the capital of Hungary, — a city that few Americans visit compared to the great numbers who go to Vienna, Dresden, and Prague. Our leave-taking is still fresh in my mind, because of certain novel features in it. It was five o'clock in the morning; yet the whole household in which we were guests were up, and the servants stood in line and kissed our hands as we passed them on our way to the carriage. Though I had, from a great dislike to this Austrian custom, formed a habit of keeping my hands behind me, in my pockets, — anywhere out of sight, — when in the presence of the domestics, it was impossible on this occasion to escape the detested kissing; and I recall the shiver that went over me as the footmen at the street door glued

their lips to my shrinking fists. I had yet to learn among the Hungarians to submit gracefully to this practice, there as common as our salutation "How do you do?" to which we expect no answer. The custom is one which I hope will never be brought to America.

I was glad to get out of Vienna, first, because I was anxious to get into Hungary; and again, because it had grown very hot, and the social "season" was well over. May is the month of months in Vienna. I would go there at that season for the sake of seeing the Viennese ladies ride their horses in the *Prater*. No women in the world have such figures (when they are young), and no women ride so well. But Vienna is not so bad in June: though "everybody" is supposed to be out of town, the city is yet far from empty. The military officers must stay at home to be at their posts, and they swarm in the gardens and *cafés;* and no resident pretends to sup indoors in Vienna in summer. At the *Volksgarten*, Strauss's orchestra and a military band play every night till midnight; and there you hear all tongues

spoken, often more English than German, and the ices and cakes are as delicious as the music. As the majority of American tourists go to Europe for the summer only, it is at that season they must see Vienna, if at all. The picture-galleries, cathedrals, palaces, and gardens are cool and inviting; and the nights are comfortable.

Then, too, there is grand opera every evening at the superb opera-house. I had enjoyed Vienna thoroughly, though out of season, having in my hostess the best guide in the world. Nearly every night we dropped in at the opera-house for an hour, to hear Pauline Lucca sing her best aria of the evening, eat an ice, and hold a little reception in the tiny parlor attached to the opera-box. Some famous people looked in upon us there. One night I saw the Grand Duke of Coburg, in whom I sought in vain for the fascinations which enable him to be so wicked. He is the brother of the late Prince Albert of England; and, having been in Coburg, I knew his domestic history well. And again came the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a man who always looks bored to death,

but who in reality, I am told, is ever grieving for the loss of his wife. Ambassadors with manners funnier than any thing I ever saw on the comic stage paid their respects and also ministers of state, sometimes Hoffman and Schmerling, whom I heard enjoy many a hearty laugh over their caricatures in the funny paper of the day; for it is not Nast alone who serves up his betters in that way, though there is no one in Austria quite as clever as he.

Yet, charming as the life was, I longed for a sight of the real Danube. The "Danube" — the Germans call it *Donau* — which runs through Vienna is but a canal, and a dirty one at that; and in the heart of the city we boarded a little steamer, which carried us swiftly through this canal under the great bridge, to a point near the island of Lobau, where we were transferred to the larger vessel. It was at Lobau that Napoleon I. had his headquarters, and gave out his orders which directed the battle of Wagram, and caused his treaty of peace with the Austrians to be signed by the latter. The sail from Vienna

to Budapest occupies eleven hours; and so strong is the current that it requires nearly twice the time to make the return trip up the river, and most travellers return by cars. For passage from Vienna to Budapest I paid between four and five dollars, which is not cheap compared with our river travel. For two medium-sized trunks I was obliged to pay a dollar and seventy-five cents additional. But on no boat in America have I ever eaten such a dinner as was served on that, wine included, for sixty cents.

We Americans do not experience that "strangeness" among German and French speaking people that we would were not so many of the signs in New York and Chicago foreign, and were we not accustomed in those home cities to hearing these languages in almost every horse-car. Broadway stages now print directions for depositing fares, in German as well as English. But the moment I went on board this Danube steamboat I felt myself indeed far from home. There was a confusion of tongues all about me: the signs over the cabin-doors were like so many puzzles, and

conveyed no meaning whatever by their arrangement of consonants and vowels, the like of which, except in Russian, I had never seen. It was impossible at first to sort out the people about me, though I was soon convinced that I was the only English-speaking soul on board. As the steamer was a Constantinople boat, bound for the Black Sea, it carried Turks, Greeks, Roumanians, Slavs, Hungarians, Germans, and as many more nationalities. Notices to passengers were posted in Polish, Slavic, Italian, Turkish, French, German, and Hungarian; and the Slavic notices were printed in the various dialects of that tribe. The people were in themselves sufficient to amuse and to study for the whole day. In the section set apart for the second-class passengers there were quaint and sometimes pretty costumes to be seen among the peasants; and there were several silver combs and pairs of earrings that I coveted. On the bridge walked the captain, — a perfect god as far as physique went, and with one of the handsomest faces I ever saw, a true Hungarian as to type, as I learned later, when I knew his countrymen better.

I was prepared to like Hungary and the Hungarians, and I speedily fell in love with both. Kossuth came to this country when I was a wee child, drinking in my first fairy stories. Catching his name from my elders, I insisted upon being told the story of these patriots. It was told me by a sympathizer with Kossuth, and a lover of the Hungarians. The land and the people became to me no more and no less real than the fairies and ogres and their abiding places. In my childish heart I was sorry for Kossuth, as I was sorry for the "beautiful princess who died;" and I cried over the wrongs of the Hungarian people as I cried over the torments of the good fairies, inflicted upon them by the frightful ogres. Dim and misty to-day are all the places in which I dwelt in my childish imagination in those hours, save *one*, — Hungary. Of all the wonderful people in those bedtime stories, only *one* remains real, — Kossuth, the man who to-day is literally without a country, since the Austro-Hungarian Parliament, a few years since, outlawed all Hungarians who had lived out of the country over ten

years, should they not return at once, or report to a consulate. It was not so strange that I approached this country with an interest and curiosity such as I had felt for no other.

In Vienna young Baroness von H—— had said to me just before leaving, "You may leave your Austrian postage-stamps with me. You can't use them in Budapest. Those Hungarians are so naughty and so stubborn, that they insist on having stamps and money of their own, and will not recognize ours. They won't admit that they are conquered! But do not tell my cousins [whom I was to visit] that I called them naughty: you will see soon enough for yourself that there is not much love between the Austrians and the Hungarians; and you will find them always shedding tears over imaginary woes. They are never so *happy* as when they are perfectly *miserable*. I *will* allow that the men are the handsomest men in the world." I had not been on the Danube steamer five minutes before *I* was ready to admit the truth of the last clause of my friend's remarks.

In my opinion the Danube, from Lintz down to Pest, is as lovely and as interesting as the Rhine. The river is wide and swift, and as beautifully blue as in your imagination when you dance to the Strauss waltz inspired by it. You have the mountains grand and majestic, the far-away hills, the castles and venerable towns, some of them taking you back to the Middle Ages, and holding you there while you stay in them. It is as wonderful a grape country, and the vineyards embroider the banks. Ruins there are at every step, and the Rhine is not more rich in legends.

Bits of bright costumes are always to be seen in the fields; for the Hungarian peasants, like the noblemen, will not abandon their distinctive dress. Picturesque costuming is becoming scarce throughout many parts of Europe; and it is a pleasure to find one region where it exists, and still possesses all its peculiar fascinations for us Americans. All along the Danube, after you enter Hungary, are to be seen the rich abbeys and castles with carefully tilled fields about them; and the friar and

the master of the manor, both very important personages, suggest the old feudal times. The peasantry regard as sacred the privileges — however earned — of the nobles. They seem in this region content to accept the policy of their employers and the village priest; and, though they are not at all oppressed, they seem unconscious of their emancipation, and have never improved their opportunities to their advantage, as have the French peasantry. There was not that general division of land in Hungary, as in France, after the Revolution. In Southern Hungary it is different: the jealous Roumanians are tenacious of their rights, and are always inclined to make trouble.

All the fascinating stories of Attila, and of the Huns, come to one's mind as the boat goes swiftly down the stream, passing, soon after Lobau, Petronell, the site of the Roman Carnuntum destroyed by Attila, the "scourge of God." Not far beyond is the *Hutelberg* (hat-hill), a mound about seventy feet high, built by the burghers with hatsful of earth in their joy over the expulsion of the Turks; and

after passing ruins innumerable we go by stately Thebau, the gateway to Hungary, and are soon at Pressburg. The town where once the Hungarian monarchs were crowned now looks neglected: the citadel is in ruins, the royal palace burnt to the ground, and a large proportion of the residents are Hebrews. Here it was that Maria Theresa sought and found protection. I do not wonder the Hungarian looks sad when he sees the venerable town of Pressburg, for never were people born with greater love of country.

At Pressburg is a bridge of boats across the river, which terminates in a sort of pleasure park; and this bridge is the favorite promenade. There was rustic merry-making going on; and, as we went through the draw, young men in uniforms, and maidens in bright ribbons, greeted us with cheers and the waving of green boughs. The Hungarians have more holidays than even the French, and they keep them all as sacredly. It seemed to me that shops were closed half the days in the week.

About midday, as I sat on the deck watching with some curiosity and wonder

a strange and very black cloud just over my head, there fell into my lap what I at first supposed to be two white bird's-eggs. Before I could touch them, there came pouring down upon me, with a most uncomfortable velocity, great hard hailstones which threatened our utter destruction. We fled blindly to the cabin, and then followed a scene which I cannot possibly describe. For one hour it thundered and lightened and hailed, the steamer struggling meantime to lie quiet in the middle of the stream. It grew almost as dark as night. There were fifty-seven men in the cabin. I counted forty-two of them smoking, and they smoked straight through it all. I had no occasion to fear the elements — the greater danger to me was from choking to death; and I consider myself now smoke-proof, since I lived through that experience.

When the hailstones broke the glass over our heads, we sent up ejaculations in a dozen different languages: they of the Romish faith crossed themselves, a pious Jew bound the Ten Commandments on his wrists, ladies screamed (Hungarian

ladies, unlike the Austrian, and quite like the American, have nerves), and babies cried with fright. In the midst of it all a woman announced that her pocket-book had been stolen. Not a word did she say that I understood, but her gestures were unmistakable. When it was all over we went on deck, and played at snowballing. Christian and Turk, Jew and Gentile, Frenchman and Prussian, Slav and Hungarian, pelted each other right merrily on that June day with snow.

Twenty minutes later we touched at the wharf of a little town where they had had only sunshine; and their amazement was amusing to see as the deck-hands shovelled off the snow, throwing it on to the pier at their feet. I came to know that the clouds in Hungary can act upon the briefest notice,— indeed, with no notice at all, — and can send hail and rain down with a force such as I've never witnessed elsewhere. The telegraph tells us often how the Danube creeps suddenly up to the second-story windows; and only a few years ago people were frozen to death at Buda in July.

Between Pressburg and Budapest, on the Danube, the scenery is neither so varied nor so beautiful as between Vienna and Pressburg. But every stone has its legend, and every foot of ground is full of interest to the tourist. We passed many little villages, whose houses were for the most part low, with thatched roofs, and were not specially inviting, except for the cathedral or castle, inside of which I longed always to get. The steamer touched every half-hour at these small towns, taking on and putting off passengers, who were exceedingly interesting to watch from the deck. I recall one Hungarian family that came on board, in which were three daughters, olive-skinned and passionate-eyed, and each of them possessing in their dress and carriage that "*je ne sais quoi*" quality, which may be called *chic*, and which one sees so often in the streets of New York and Paris, but almost *never* among Austrian and Prussian maidens. They were a revelation to me, and suggested our American girls in their dress and manners more than any girls I had seen out of France on the Continent.

We passed through many bridges of boats, a favorite method of bridging the Rhine and the Danube; saw on the flats the great herds of cattle, of which Hungary is so justly proud, and, on all the heights, fortresses or remains of fortresses; famous vineyards were pointed out to us by the polite natives on board, who courteously volunteered information. Many of the houses on the shores were painted the brightest of yellow; and the peasants at their doors wore wide flowing white-linen trousers, so full as to resemble petticoats, bordered with a fringe.

At one point of the journey I opened a "New-York Herald," and I remember the half-suppressed smile that ran over the faces of my fellow-travellers. I had identified my nationality beyond a doubt. I learned afterward, in Budapest, that when an American or Englishman is represented on the stage, or caricatured, it is always with "The New-York Herald" or "London Times" held open before him, and our huge sheets are a never-failing subject of gentle satire. Their own dailies are in the shape of small folios, with leaves cut,

as are the daily papers in Austria and Prussia. I have no doubt now but jests at the expense of my "Herald" were freely interchanged that day on the deck in a tongue which I did not understand.

The ruined prisons, monasteries, archiepiscopal palaces, Roman remains, and the marks of Turkish invasions on battered castles on either side of the bank, kept us on the alert for hours, necessitating our moving often from side to side of the boat. The handsome captain descended from the bridge to bring us his own field-glass, more powerful than ours. It was a land of sunshine and song and wine; and, as some one has said of Hungarians, every man looked a poet and a hero. All about Gran, of which so much has been sung, there was a sea of vines. Here, again, the finger-marks of the Turks were shown us, and the handiwork of the Romans, left since the days of Trajan, were pointed out.

Nearing Budapest we came into one of the colonies of tiny floating mills which are frequently to be met with farther down. These mills are anchored securely in the river, each built upon two boats.

There are sometimes twenty in a colony, and as many little yellow thatched houses on the shore show where the wives and children live. Sometimes a family resides with a miller in the floating structure, and we saw several housewives engaged upon some domestic duty. The passage left for the steamer is narrow. The mill-wheels make a pleasant music, marred somewhat by the shouting and screaming of the millers, who have a profound antipathy to steamboats. They seem to think that the lifting up of their voices will prevent the "swell" liable to wet their door-sills. Even with my limited knowledge of Hungarian hurricanes, and the coquettish ways of its rivers, I envy no one an abiding-place in a floating mill on the Danube.

Our tickets, bought in Vienna, had *Ofen* upon them; and our trunks were checked for *Ofen*, which is the German name of the capital. Now, *Ofen* means oven, and is not pleasantly suggestive in hot weather. This name comes from the hot, *very* hot, springs which abound in the vicinity, and about which there are remains of Roman baths. The Romans seem always

to have been looking out for places in which to bathe, and always finding them too.

Just before sunset we came in sight of the city, and at a stopping-place took on a gypsy. He had with him a musical instrument unknown to me, something like the Spanish mandolin, but shaped more like a violin. With a bit of horn between his thumb and forefinger, he began to play a strange minor melody, which moved me as no other music I *ever* heard has moved me. His eyes, wearing that peculiar mysterious expression belonging alone to the gypsy, were turned toward the setting sun; and he seemed oblivious of every thing about him. He was wretchedly clad; and his hair hung black and straight to his shoulders, about which clung the remnants of a scarlet cloak, with here and there bits of embroidery in yellow thread still clinging to it.

There was no doubt but that he was a vagabond of the worst description, yet he had a face that might have belonged to an angel grieving in heaven for human sin: in all probability he was nearer a devil.

He was without doubt counting his prospective *kreutzers;* while his eyes sought the distant horizon, and his thin sensitive lips, delicate nostrils, and exquisitely moulded chin seemed to tremble as from a pent-up struggle after the unattainable on earth. And his fingers, as if without his knowing, made for us unwritten, heart-rending music. A haunting memory seemed to overhang and ever elude him; but so it is with all of his strange race, and there is the same fascination in his face when he is bent on the most murderous deeds.

What a queer mixture of the intellectual, *spirituelle*, and animal craft was there blended in that pale, swart face! If you did not know that he belonged to a race, you might have said, "Here is a fugitive flying from terrible Fate, dreaming with aching heart of a far-off land," and all your compassion would have gone out toward him. But I have no doubt but that my gypsy that night robbed a hen-roost, or worse. Such mysterious creatures as the Hungarian gypsies do not exist elsewhere on God's earth. Such in-

consistencies do not live elsewhere in man. From their souls they pour forth music that breaks your heart, while their fingers are itching to steal the earrings from your ears.

Whence comes this sad echo in all their singing? I cannot divine it. This I know, that on that Danube steamer I became unutterably homesick as I listened to this Tsigane. This strange wanderer forcibly reminded me that I, too, was a wanderer, far, far from home; and the music became a *cry* from all who loved me, and whom I loved, who were left so far behind. The more beautiful the scene about me, as the setting sun turned every thing to a rosy hue, and the water reflected the purpled heavens, the more wretched I grew.

My travelling companion was wrapt in the anticipated joy of seeing again those dearest to her; for this land was to her a *home*, and she returned after an exile of many years. Naturally she forgot me for the moment; and I — not a soul in all this land knew I — how could I live even a month among these eloquent, mutinous-

eyed people, with their sobbing music? There were invitations in my pocket, to be sure, warm, hearty welcomes to me, the friend of their friend: but the gypsy had turned all my expectant joy to grieving; and utterly wretched I went ashore as the steamer came to a stop at the long, beautiful city of Budapest, whose stately stone buildings looked coldly down upon me. In a moment there were warm welcoming arms about me, I found myself in a carriage, and in tears.

"Why do you cry?" asked the stranger by my side.

"I think it is because you kissed me, and are glad to see me," I answered.

"But why should I *not* kiss you, and why should I *not* be *very* glad to see you, when you have crossed the ocean to see *me?*" asked the somewhat surprised Hungarian, as she again impulsively threw her arms about me (though we were in the street), at the same time bowing to a passing acquaintance, who did not seem to remark her demonstration.

"And," she added, "are you not *my guest?*"

I did not know then what it meant to be a *guest* in Hungary; but I soon learned, and I found that I never knew what hospitality meant before. Austrians have tried to convince me that the Hungarians carry all they feel on the surface, and their *hearts* hold no more than the rest of the world. Possibly it is so, but I do not believe it. I certainly never can be thankful enough for the demonstrative welcome given me on my first night in Hungary.

THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL.

BUDAPEST, the centre of Austria's polyglot empire, is a very beautiful city, and is second only to Vienna in commercial importance. Its grain trade is immense. It reminded me always of Chicago, without being in the least like it. The Hungarians ignore Vienna as far as possible: to them, their own capital is the centre of the world. A proud people they are, and fretting to this day under the Austrian yoke, as they call it. They have indeed reason for taking pride in Budapest, but their jealousy of the Austrian capital is but thinly hidden. Hungary regards it as a very great condescension on its part, even to let its prime ministers go to Vienna, or its noble beauties to be ladies of honor at the court.

Budapest was formerly two cities, Buda and Pest, the Danube dividing them; but now they are one, as are their names,

though locally the two divisions are called as of old. A suspension-bridge connects the two. This was completed in 1849, and is a fine piece of English engineering. The two pillars, supporting the chain, are one hundred and fifty feet high, and the height of the bridge forty-two feet. It is thirteen hundred feet long, and at either end are two colossal lions cut in stone. They are beautifully sculptured, and full of action, their mouths open to represent the act of roaring. Into this work the sculptor, a young man, had put all his heart, and had exercised his skill to the utmost.

One day the citizens gathered in large numbers to see the statues unveiled, the sculptor with the rest. Shouts of admiration rent the air as the noble lions were disclosed to view. "But they have no tongues!" said a voice, and the people took up the cry. It was true: the artist had forgotten the tongues. That night, disheartened and chagrined, he went to the bridge, sprang from it into the Danube, and disappeared. This story was told me by an Hungarian friend, while standing on

the bridge watching the little steamers, with their pleasure parties, glide beneath us, and looking at the twinkling lights along the quays, so like Paris and the Seine.

> "I cannot tell how the truth may be:
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Of the three hundred thousand population of Budapest, nearly fifty thousand are Germans, and mostly engaged in trade. German is spoken quite as much as Hungarian; though every little while the Magyars rebel against this, close the German theatres, forbid the language being taught in the schools, and engage in disgraceful riots in consequence. In an Austrian state paper of the seventeenth century, their policy is thus laid down: "To conquer Hungary, we must make it Catholic, German, and poor." The Hungarian often refers to this, and says sadly, "They have been successful in making us poor, partly so in making us Catholic, but *never* in making us German."

It is a curious fact, that Germans who have migrated to Hungary make the

greatest effort to Magyarize themselves, are often the strongest of the anti-Austrians, and will stoutly maintain that they are Hungarians. There is something in the very soil of Hungary that draws all your sympathies to it. I had not been in the country three days before I was ready to fight any of its battles, arising from whatever cause.

Pest is very much larger than Buda; and in the first are all the shops and the finest of the public buildings and churches, while in Buda are the royal palace and the famous fortress. The palace, erected by Maria Theresa, contains two hundred and eight rooms, and in the throne-room the Hungarian Diet opens. This palace and its mediæval church are included in the "Fortress," and it is from this eminence that Budapest is best seen.

At your feet is clustered Buda, very compactly: and a little farther away lies the old, old part, where are yet Roman remains; for the city is of very ancient origin, and in the Middle Ages was of great importance, though it fell into decay for a time. Even now you may fancy

yourself back in the Middle Ages in some of its old sections, which, by the way, are now the abode of Jews, and are very disagreeable, almost frightfully so. On the picturesque slopes of the Schwabenberg are the villas of rich citizens, and the green vineyards that dot every hillside. On other eminences are other aggressive fortifications, with cannon peering ominously from the port-holes. In 1849 the Hungarians at the time of their surrender destroyed the defences; but to-day modern fortifications have taken their places, and are ready and able to lay the city in ashes at the least sign of insurrection. It could doubtless be done with terrible success. It is a painful distrust which exists between the government and people of this unfortunate country.

The "Fortress" has many a dreadful tale to tell, to some of which I could not listen without a feeling and even a cry of horror. In its square is a statue to Hentzi, the Leonidas of the Imperialists; and on it are inscribed the names of four hundred and eighteen Croats, who fell on that spot with him. On the covered staircase leading to

the church, seven hundred corpses were taken up after the hand-to-hand fight there between Hungarians and the Imperialists. It was here that Görgei established his batteries at his siege of Buda in 1849, which resulted so disastrously to the national cause. Partisans of Kossuth and Görgei to this day wrangle as to which ought to be blamed for this badly managed siege.

It is with a feeling of relief that one listens to the absurd stories of the exploits of the Hungarian count Sandor, that wild nobleman who never ceased to astonish his countrymen by his insane pranks and daring feats of horsemanship. Up the long, steep staircase leading to the ramparts, he drove on a wager four horses never before harnessed, and he came down again safely. He was the father of the Princess Metternich, a woman who in her freshest youth, my friend, who knew her well, told me had not one vestige of personal beauty, but was the most fascinating creature ever made, and exerted those fascinations, apparently without effort, upon all who came near her, whether men or women.

Between the fortress and the river lies the long, narrow Wasserstadt. At this point the Danube makes a broad sweep, and in its bend lies Pest like a wide-opened fan. From the eastern terrace the eye looks beyond the town, across the great sandy plain, finding no resting-place, for it stretches away like the sea or our own prairie. Pretty wooded islands lie in the river, which is frequently spanned by graceful bridges; and tiny ferry-boats make zigzag crossings between the two towns. Pest, with its Turkish minarets and gilded Moorish spires, looks from here quite like an Oriental city, and is very beautiful at this distance.

But let us leave the fortress by its perpendicular railroad, cross the beautiful blue Danube, and enter the streets of Pest. Now are we "abroad." We may have doubted it in the Rue de Rivoli or on the Prater. But there can be no doubt of that kind in Pest.

For three miles there is a quay like those of the Seine, and facing it are buildings almost as palatial and imposing as those of Paris. You are astonished to find

here such a grand, substantial city, such perfect streets, such beautiful façades, and such costly statues in the squares. The pavements are concrete, clean, and smooth as a floor, and the horses tumble down upon them, and rise up again, with an alacrity and indifference showing long practice.

The signs are always in German as well as in Hungarian, and sometimes in French also. The shops are all individualized by pictures which are painted in the highest art of the sign-painter, and some of them are very cleverly done. But they startle you, and are somewhat bewildering, until you understand that the picture does not indicate the character of the goods for sale. For instance, you see in the distance a soft white pussy staring at you from over a door, with wide, round eyes, impelling you to come nearer. You wonder if they sell kittens there; when you discover that the name of the store is the "White Cat," and at it you buy needles and pins. Close by is the "Bride," where you get gloves; and across the street is a picture of the "Bridegroom," who seems to cast long-

ing eyes at the long-white-veiled lady opposite, and you can almost hear him sigh, "Thou art *so* near, and yet so far!" At the "Beautiful Shepherdess" you get *bon-bons*, and at the "Starry Heaven" cigars. The shopping-street is one long picture-gallery.

But the drug-store signs are the most surprising, and are a trifle shocking as well. The healing art here seems not to have lost its semi-sacred character. I bought soap at a shop on whose door was the legend, "To the Holy Mary, Mother of God," and a tooth-brush at the "Holy Ghost's." Others were labelled "To the Holy Trinity," "To the Saviour," "To St. Stephen the King." Heathen symbols and sacred emblems were most ludicrously mixed up on the pictorial signs. Sometimes on a shutter a saint would be represented working miracles, while beside him was a modern Æsculapius deftly making pills.

In the crowded thoroughfares you find yourself jostled by people of every type. The handsome Hungarian, tall and dark and solemn; the unmistakable, ruddy Ger-

man; Turks with their gay head-coverings; Servians from the lower Danube, swathed in broad girdles; fashionable ladies in French gowns; gypsies in bright tattered raiment; peasants in glittering silver buttons and much white linen; white-coated officers with clinking sabres; and merchants from the East, — you are bewildered as they go by you, and you suddenly find that you, an American, are to them equally strange, and are in turn as much stared at.

You may even meet a dervish or two; for near to Kaiserbad stands a small octagonal building with a circular dome, which is the tomb of a saint of Mohammed, and is the nearest to us of all holy places of Islam. Its preservation is prescribed by the treaty of Karlovitz of 1699. Two dervishes make pilgrimages every May to this tomb, and remain a while, living upon the kind hospitality of the Hungarians. Inhospitality, even to the despised unbeliever, ranks among the sins in Hungary.

The spirited little ponies, with their bright-colored leathern streamers at their

heads, go rattling through the streets at a fearful pace. Theological students and priests, with queer caps and long black gowns belted at the waist, an occasional magnate in his superb national dress, the Roumanian with his girdle full of knives, and the dirty Polish Jew, contribute to the picturesqueness of the street, and add to the confusion of the scene, which is like no other I remember.

The Polish Jew seen everywhere has a distinctive dress, and is not an agreeable object. He wears a long threadbare coat, a cross between a dressing-gown and a *paletôt*, reaching to his feet, and buttoned closely under his chin. He implicitly obeys the ordinance of Moses, who said, "Thou shalt not cut the corners of thy beard." Two disgusting wiry ringlets hang on either cheek from above his ear. I try in my heart to be just to those of all nations and of all faiths; but the Polish Jew was always a blot upon any background, and I could not reconcile myself to him.

The Hungarians are almost compelled to be fine linguists, as they have need of several languages in their daily intercourse

with the many nationalities attracted to Budapest. I have sat in a Turkish kiosk between a German and a Magyar, opposite a Sclav and a Bohemian, with a Turk at the head of the table, and a Frenchman at the foot, while a swarthy gypsy played the cymbal near by, and the waiter was one of the much-hated Russians, who very civilly bore the contemptuous treatment he got from the Magyar. The Hungarian feels very much toward the Russian as does the Frenchman toward the Prussian. My acquaintance with Turks had previously been limited to the Far-away-Moses sort, who come to America as missionaries to convert us to a correct taste in carpets. I had a faint remembrance, connected with a somewhat unpleasant odor, of some whom I saw at the Centennial; but I was agreeably surprised to find certain Turkish officers whom I met, gentlemen in every sense, and with even a fascinating manner and a charming gallantry. Never shall I again look upon the Oriental who sells rugs in America as a representative of his land.

Budapest has superb public buildings.

Its hotels rival those of any city in the world, and there is hardly a more perfect structure of its kind than the Grand Hotel Hungaria. The National Museum is a fine modern building; and the Academy is a handsome Renaissance structure, in which is the famous Esterhazy Gallery, arranged in fourteen *salons*. There are eight hundred paintings, — among them ten Murillos, — fifty thousand engravings, and twelve thousand drawings. The railroad-stations are marvels of costliness, surpassing any thing in America. The Jews have here the finest synagogue on the Continent, built of red brick on a substructure of red marble; and the Greeks have a beautiful church with a wonderful screen before the choir.

There is one huge building built by the municipality, of the most costly and elaborate description, solely for balls and private parties. This belongs to the city, and is called the *Redoute*. It is in the Romanesque-Moorish style, and the staircase is wonderful. This is adorned with frescos representing Hungarian legends, by the famous artists, Thau and Lotz. In the

Credenzsaal, there are two superb mural paintings by the artists Wagner and Lotz; one representing the "Tournament of King Matthew," the other the "Banquet of Attila." Hungary is remarkably rich in legends. Here in the *Redoute* in the winter are banquets and balls nightly, and very brilliant affairs they are. We have nothing in America equal to the gorgeousness of the decoration of these ballrooms.

There is a magnificent theatre, built and supported by the government; and there is also a fine opera-house. Wagner's music is very popular, and you hear it everywhere. The Abbé Liszt, who is an Hungarian, spends half his time in Pest, at his school, where are his warmest musical friends and companions; and Pest is an excellent place for the American student of music, who wishes the best instruction at small cost.

Budapest owes its origin to German colonists, planted there by St. Stephen and Gisella his queen, who was a Bavarian princess. In the Middle Ages it was exclusively German, but it is now as decidedly anti-German. It has been fought

over, again and again, till every part has its story of some other people who have owned it. The Turks have left marks of their possession, and the wonderful hot and cold mineral baths in the vicinity are still souvenirs of the bath-loving Romans.

If you go to Budapest from Vienna, your trunk will be checked for "Ofen." Coming once to the city the other way, my trunk had pasted upon it a large label which read "Pest." The trunk, which now does duty in America, still conspicuously wears this significant word, and, being somewhat disagreeable to handle, seems to give baggage-men a certain kind of satisfaction, it so manifestly indicates what it is to them. We have come to say, quite seriously, "You may strap the pest," and "The pest is ready."

HUNGARIAN HOSPITALITY AND AMUSEMENTS.

MY first Hungarian home was in a palace in which resided seventeen families: a prince lived on the first floor; and to my amusement I discovered one day a piano-key manufactory, on a small scale to be sure, in one corner of the great stone structure, which had an entrance on the quay as well as from the street. The apartments which became home to me were on the top floor, and, but for the five long flights of marble stairs, were the pleasantest in the house. There was an inner court, and each apartment opened on to a balcony overhanging it. I shunned the balcony railing, lest some day I might yield to the temptation to drop an American paper-ball down on to the heads of the European grandees so far below me as they took their airing.

It was a dizzy height from my window

to the ground; and yet I had to look up, up, up, before my eyes reached even the foundations of the royal palace which crowned the hill whose perpendicular sides made the opposite side of our street. A car on an endless chain conveyed passengers up a perpendicular railroad, laid from the street to the palace, though peasants and lovers (especially at night) chose the crazy flight of stairs which meandered up the hillside. A beautiful private staircase for the court came down nearly opposite my windows, ending at the top near the empress's riding rink — for no Austrian palace is without a rink for the use of her Majesty, though she may occupy the palace but two days in the year. I wonder that she is never tempted to ride down the staircase from her door to the river, and I haven't a doubt but she has thought of it. All the royal palaces and government buildings in Austro-Hungary are painted a bright yellow, with green blinds; and any thing more ugly cannot be imagined.

I found myself speedily at home among these strangers in their great airy apart-

ments, fewer in number than a family of the same number and station in America would think would suffice, but greater in size and height than is often found in private dwellings here. There is always plenty of room in an Hungarian household. I remember one night, after overhearing orders given for beds in the drawing-room and library, feeling some surprise upon hearing my hostess urge two gentlemen (officers) who had come from a distance, to remain the night. While I was fearing they would accept, they did so; and she serenely ordered beds placed in the dining-room without even offering an apology to her guests. Like the Germans, they keep a reserve of portable bedsteads and dressing-tables, and I have even known them to be placed in the hall. But their servants are unlike our servants, who would not be as docile under these influxes; and again *no* Europeans have the set ways of Americans, especially New Englanders, whose "washing" *must* be done on a Monday if the heavens fall.

I felt always when in an Hungarian household as if camping out, or living

from day to day as one does temporarily when our households undergo some revolution, say like house-cleaning, or as Philadelphians must have felt during the Centennial; but in Hungary they never *do* get settled down, I verily believe, and in reality seek to make beds on the floor and in the dining-room, and love to live in that confusion which the New England matron abhors. Yet every thing was scrupulously neat, and the floors gave forth a polish which scared me every time I crossed them.

Very soon I learned what it meant to be "a guest" in Hungary. Where else does one's hostess vacate her own room for a visitor? There may be plenty of vacant rooms in the house, larger and more elegant than her own apartment; yet, if she wishes to honor you, she gives you her own. I confess it is an uncomfortable custom, and I am selfish enough to hope it will never reach America. The head of the table, the place of honor, belongs to the *Hausfrau*, but the guest occupies it while she stays; and except where German customs have become general, as in many of the larger cities, the stranger

is not served at meals till the hostess has been helped, and has tasted the food in his or her presence, that the latter may be quite sure it is palatable.

"You surely would not ask a guest to eat of your dishes till you had first tasted them yourself, would you?" an Hungarian lady asked me, when I commented upon this, to me, novel custom.

"We in America," I replied, "if we had such compunctions, would probably slip down the back stairs, and do our tasting in the kitchen."

This is a remnant of the Roman custom, an outgrowth of suspicion and distrust. When you once understand that it is merely an assurance that you are not to be poisoned, it does not strike you so strangely as upon the occasion of your first dinner-party.

I had not been in Budapest twenty-four hours before my hostess asked me to make calls with her. This making first calls when a stranger in town, I had in other cities learned was the European custom; but I do not think the American woman ever gets used to it. She is at home so

accustomed, when a guest in another's house, to arraying herself in her best clothes and sitting comfortably down and being called *upon*, that she does not take readily to going about to see people whose names she does not even know. It was rather dreary work after the first half-dozen (during which I had well noted any peculiarity of household arrangements), as there were always stairs to climb, and in several instances the lady of the house spoke only Hungarian. At such times I sat silently sipping the thimbleful of Benedictine or Chartreuse which Hungarian ladies offer each other, or making dismal faces over the proffered cup of tea into which the servant invariably put a spoonful of rum. I think I could have gotten very comfortably intoxicated, had I taken all that was offered me that morning.

Americans are not often in society in the Hungarian capital, as it is off the beaten track; and I sometimes felt curious eyes travelling over my costume, and most amusing remarks were sometimes made on my personality, since the European mind in out-of-the-way places pictures the red

Indian when the word "American" is pronounced. A young officer expressed his surprise on finding me (his first American) not so *very* unlike the other women about him in my dress and manners. A lady met me very cordially.

"I bless America," she said, "and will tell you why. I have been very ill, and my life has been saved by your Liebig's American meat juice. Do you really *always* eat your meat in that form?" I assured her that we did not always, and I also remarked that I had forgotten that Liebig's extract was a product of my native land. "Oh, yes!" she replied: "it is made in the South, where you had your dreadful war all about the colored slaves. See! it says on the box, 'Brazil, *South* America.'"

But the Americans make quite as bad mistakes.

It surprised me to find so often the gentlemen at home, sharing social duties with their wives; and in every drawing-room was at least one uniform. It is of course very pleasant for the ladies to have always at hand these ornamental do-nothings, these sabred and spurred gen-

tlemen of leisure, who in times of peace have little to do but dawdle; but I cannot imagine a greater waste of time, money, and strength, than goes on through the standing armies of Prussia and Austro-Hungary. It is an interesting fact, that each officer is obliged on marriage to deposit a sum of money with the government, usually from five to ten thousand dollars; and it is expected that the bride will furnish this. American girls who fall in love with Hungarian mustachios must go cash in hand, or the course of true love cannot possibly run smoothly.

There are some disadvantages in having for an escort a military man. The sooner you make up your mind to be reconciled to the destruction of your ruffles and flounces, the more comfort you will get. The cavalrymen wear their spurs on all occasions, and sleep in them for aught I know. They certainly walk in them, dance in them, and go to church or to parties, always accompanied by their clinking.

I recall an afternoon, when, with a party of officers, I promenaded the *bastille* to

listen to the delicious music of the regiment band at the post. Hundreds of people gather on the spot at Buda every afternoon. I carried a wrap with me, as we were to sail down the river later. These officers were effusively polite, but still *I* carried my wrap. It grew burdensome at last, and I asked my escort to hold it for me. This request, it seems, was simply shocking, and showed a very great disrespect for the dignity of the king's coat. "I cannot take your wrap," he stammered: "it is not permitted me to carry *any thing*. I will send for my *valet*." After that, when we went shopping, and did not choose to be followed by a servant, *I* carried the packages, and *I* carried the umbrella, while my six feet of masculine companion went beautifully gloved and empty-handed, wearing on his arm a streaming *crêpe;* for the whole army was in mourning that summer for the Empress of Russia.

The calls were returned, according to their etiquette, the following day. Never have I seen such hospitality. If properly introduced, you are taken at once into the

homes and hearts of the people. They immediately make a business of entertaining you. They almost kill you with their impulsive kindness. At my first dinner-party I longed for my little dog at home, "that I might know if this be I, for *he* would know me," and I did not know myself! I was on the point of explaining that they had mistaken me for some one else; but when I demurred, they looked me seriously in the face, and remarked, "You are our *guest*." No less than seven times in one afternoon and evening were I, my country, and my family toasted. These toasts were drank in fine old Tokay, and always standing, after a general clinking of glasses, German student fashion. Imagine my embarrassment when I found that it was expected of me to rise, and reply to these toasts. A lady there cannot do it by proxy. Those were my maiden speeches, and nearly frightened me to death; though after a little I became accustomed to the impulsive ways of these people.

Fancy sitting at dinner, and seeing one watermelon after another brought in, cut

in half, and sent away, until at least forty have passed under scrutiny, when at last one is decided upon as being fit for your eating. The first is quite as likely to be the best of the forty as the last, but this is a custom when there is a grand feast; and melons, too, are as costly there as with us.

Breakfast was always served, as in Prussia and Austria, informally, from a tray in the drawing-room, at any time we chose to drop in before ten o'clock. We waited upon ourselves, or were waited on by the gentlemen of the household; the servants never showing themselves at this meal after putting the tray on the table. I soon came to like this *break-fast*, for it is literally that and nothing more. The one roll and cup of coffee sufficed till twelve o'clock, when the appetite was ready for a meat breakfast, at which wine was always taken. After this meal, and after dinner and supper, on rising from the table, there was a general hand-shaking: sons and husbands kissed their mothers and wives on the cheek or forehead; and the gentlemen, all with much ceremony, kissed the hands of any lady guests, expressing good wishes

for perfect digestion and "your dear health."

Hand-kissing is very common; and the salutation of the country is, "I kiss your hand, gracious lady." The ticket-man on the horse-car and ferry-boat says, as if it were all one word, "*Kusse die Hand*," as he takes your ticket; and the servant and the gallant seize your hand, and suit the action to the words.

There were about a dozen people confined in the city of Budapest that summer against their will, who banded themselves together to enjoy in each other's company all there was to be found in the way of amusement in the town. The heads of these families were military men, who could not leave their posts. Hungarians, unlike Americans, do not send their families into the country if they themselves must remain in the city. There is no question in the matter. "*We* stay in town, as *I* cannot leave," the soldier says. The manner in which American wives come to Europe, and travel about, while their husbands remain at home, is to them almost a scandal; though the European

wife is always a bit jealous of the freedom of the *Americanerin*. But if the family *must* stay in town, it does not shut itself behind closed blinds, but seeks diversion and recreation within reach of the heart of the city; and there is plenty of it in every town in midsummer, and rational, healthful enjoyment, too, if one is not too anxious to ape one's neighbors.

I was one of this dozen. Socially, there was little going on, except that there were invitations from people who had villas a short way out of town to lawn-parties and suppers. We kept the house usually till about four o'clock; and but twice in a month did I take supper in the house where I was a guest. Every morning, at our informal breakfast in the drawing-room, the morning newspapers were searched, and we discussed which music we preferred for that day; for there was a new programme daily at each hotel, restaurant, and garden. We always ate our supper in the open air, and to music: if in the hotels, in a court where there were flowers and trees, if not growing out of the earth, in huge tubs; if at a restaurant,

on a terrace overlooking the Danube; or at a theatre in a garden, where we ate as the play went on.

A few times we went first to the theatre or opera, which began at six o'clock in the afternoon, and had our supper after; but the European chafes if he must amuse himself in-doors on a summer night. There is one superb theatre in Budapest, where I saw a famous peasant-play by Hungarian actors. The acting was so good, that, though I did not know the language, I never lost my interest for a moment. Such an enthusiastic audience I never saw. The approving and other cries from boxes and floor amused me very much; for the Hungarian language has a peculiar sound to us from the fact that *s* has always the sound of *sh*, and their hissing, which they indulge in if not pleased, is more like our "shooing." The magnificent decoration of their places of amusement surprised me.

Our suppers in the hotels and restaurants were not much varied, except by the music. Sometimes gypsies played while we ate; sometimes the Sclavs; and often a band of peasants sang their strange minor

songs. If there was an orchestra, it was usually composed of gypsies who played by ear; and, if it was not always artistic, it was agreeable, and to me novel and fascinating. These suppers were what we would call *table-d'hôte* dinners, save that we ate no soup. When we took a table, it was often for three hours.

One night we had a "box" at an open-air theatre. This box was merely a square place roped in, just in front of a tiny stage among the trees. While we ate, the entertainment went on; and the waiters so timed it that we continued to eat through the whole performance. The garden was very brilliantly lighted, colored lamps pending from all the branches of the trees, and forming arches on the boundaries.

I must explain, that while these entertainments were perfectly proper, it was a trifle Bohemian (and so regarded by the upper classes) to attend them. Somebody may remind me that these are not the customary resorts of the nobility, if I do not make this statement. But these friends of mine, some of them with very high-sounding titles, had decided to become

Bohemians for a month for their own pleasure, and to show me as much of Hungarian life as possible. Our suppers on all these occasions were to me peculiar, but were very carefully prepared, and were excellent. A joint of meat, or any carving done on the table, I have never seen once on the Continent. The Hungarian cooking is very palatable. One must become accustomed to the milk, which is often from the buffalo cow, and has a musky taste at first, but it is very rich and creamy. The buffalo cow, which is domesticated in Hungary, is the wild buffalo of North Africa and India, and is the same seen on the Campagna at Rome, and is called in Hungary *Barbalos*. It is an ugly creature when the tamest. Sunflower-oil is used for dressing salads, and as a table-oil. Poppy-seeds are also much used. Opium is obtained from the unripe seeds only. When ripe, they lose this smell and property, and when stewed in milk and sugar, are like a delicious jelly or preserve for tarts and sauce. The great poppy-fields are very beautiful, and the sunflower grows to an immense size. The red Spanish pepper, *paprica*,

grows in Hungary. It is not strong like the cayenne, and has a fine flavor. A favorite dish is *paprica huhn*, which is chicken cooked with this red pepper and sour cream.

The Hungarian wines, even the *vin ordinaire*, are excellent; and nobody drinks water without wine, lest he die immediately. Gentlemen smoke everywhere,—in the *cafés* and breakfast-rooms at the best hotels, and even at the *table-d'hôte* dinners. One night at a restaurant, where we had gone to hear the fine music and see notable people, while I was struggling to see through the dense clouds of smoke, and to hear any thing but the clinking of glasses, a gentleman said to me, "I cannot comprehend how you American ladies at home can go to restaurants and *cafés* alone. I would never permit *my* wife to come unattended to such a place as this." I hope I made him comprehend that our American restaurants, frequented by ladies, were not of that sort, and that an American woman at home would feel insulted, even if taken by her own husband to such a restaurant as that we were in, where gentlemen drank

till they were noisy, and smoked till the air was blue; and yet this was one of the best and finest *cafés* in the city.

"What a country America must be!" said my host. "You cannot smoke in the restaurants, and you must pay for your breakfast in an American hotel whether you eat it or not."

One supper we ate at home. There had been no agreement in the morning as to where we were to all sup at night, and it was decided that our family go nowhere. In the afternoon two ladies, accompanied by their maids, called to ask if we were to be at home, and if it would be agreeable for them to remain with us. The invitation to do so was most cordially given. Some instructions which I did not understand were given the white-capped, bare-armed maids, who kissed our hands and disappeared, but were again in attendance later; and the husbands of our lady visitors also came. At supper my hostess remarked to one of her guests that her (the guest's) cook made a delicious cheesecake if that before her was a fair sample; and soon after she remarked to another guest that the salad from her *cuisine* was excellent.

Somewhat confused in my mind, I ventured to ask *where* our supper had been cooked. "The cheese-cake and the *ragout* are from the Countess B.'s kitchen, the salad and the *paprica huhn* are from Frau L.'s." — "But *how* came they here?" I asked. "Why!" said my hostess, looking very much surprised at my question, "they invited themselves to supper, and their maids were sent back to bring their suppers, of course." I expressed my astonishment at this, to me novel, but very pleasant arrangement. "But," they asked, "do you never ask yourselves out to dinner or supper in America?" — "We might do so," I replied, "but we should never take our own supper." — "And how then could they serve you, since the cook had marketed for their family only?"

I explained that there was always enough for one, two, or three more in an American household; and we could take care of a half-dozen unexpected guests if necessary. This, to them, was a revelation of unpardonable extravagance on our part. "It is because of the Americans' immense wealth," said one: to whom I

answered, that even the mechanic would have enough always for one more; and they were lost in wonder at our recklessness.

That was a house with six in-door servants, and every thing was on a handsome, generous scale. How they manage it I do not know; but there is always plenty, and none to spare. The servants have a diet of their own. The mistress of the house leaves out white sugar for the servants on Sundays only, and never gives them white bread. This is not for economy's sake, but because of habit; and it is so all over the Continent. The American cook, I am sure, often wastes more at a meal than a European cook requires for a dinner. In Hungary, if you drop in to tea, you send home and have your supper sent after you, which is *à la Grec*, and it is an excellent arrangement, giving a variety of viands; but I do not imagine the American will take kindly to the adoption of that custom.

One day we prepared an American feast for our Hungarian friends, who were curious to see what some of our dishes were like. "You must give us Boston

beans and brown bread," said one, who had heard of these Yankee delicacies; and "a *pie*," chimed in another. Our facilities were not of the best; but we set out a supper that had the virtue of variety, if no other. In vain we searched the china-shops for individual butter-plates and small sauce-dishes. They were unknown; and for the first we substitued color-saucers, which are very similar in shape and size, but they proved a puzzle to our guests. They were quite shocked, too, to see the food set upon the table.

I grieve to state that they were not enthusiastic over this national meal, for it may seem to cast a reflection upon its cooks. Most gingerly they tasted our beautifully browned beans, remarking casually that it was a pity to so spoil beans, when they made so excellent a salad. They actually "turned up their noses" at our delicious brown bread, which they were sure was heavy; the raw dressed tomatoes they sent away, lest they poison the air; the chicken-salad they deigned to say *might* be good if the chicken had been left out. The American pie they thought

might be eatable, had it been baked in small pans, and without a top crust; and our crisp, delicate, warm rolls they refused to eat for twenty-four hours, lest they perish at once. Our roast beef they declined because it had not been boiled; but the Saratoga potatoes! Budapest *may* yet erect to us a monument, because we introduced there "Saratoga chips;" for they tickled the Hungarian palate, and produced a sensation that satisfied us.

But, as a whole, our American feast starved them. This they frankly made known, and we adjourned to a neighboring *Restoration* to satisfy their hunger. This is what we had *there:* an ox-tail soup, full of dumplings; a dish of green pease and rice boiled together, eaten with grated cheese; small "turnover" pies, filled with sour cabbage, pork, and curry; a chicken cooked with sour cream and *paprica*, which is the reddest of red pepper; a salad dressed with sunflower oil; some *Semmels* (rolls) stuffed with poppy-seeds stewed in milk and honey; and, to end with, a cheese mixed on the table, made of cream cheese, butter, caviare,

garlic, and capers. But one could eat almost any thing, helped by such Tokay wine as one only gets in Hungary.

The Hungarians are very proud, and quick to resent any implication touching the honor of their countrymen. On a Danube ferry-boat, an embroidered wrap I wore was stolen from the seat beside me, where I had put it for a moment. I suggested advertising, and offering a reward for its return, but was told that it would be useless. Very much annoyed at the loss, I exclaimed a little too hastily, "Are people here, then, such *thieves?*" My Hungarian friends, who were military men, became very rigid; and one declared that *Madame* would have reason to repent the remark, and, he hoped, would see the lost article before long. A week later I learned, that during that time a half-dozen officers and their servants had been scouring the town, that inquiries had been made in every direction, and gypsy encampments had been thoroughly searched, and rewards, beyond the value of the garment, were being recklessly offered. Troubled by all this, I begged these gentlemen to

desist, assured them that the wrap was not worth the trouble, and that I could not be grateful enough for the pains they were taking for me. Never shall I forget the proud, haughty look of the tall Hungarian as he gazed down upon me, and in a scornful tone replied, "It is not because of the lost garment we search, and, pardon us, not alone to please *Madame*, who has called the Hungarians *thieves*. She shall not return to America to tell that *she* has suffered from theft in Hungary!" But she did, after all.

The loveliest place I have ever found on the face of this earth is a narrow island in the Danube just above Budapest. Three miles long, not a half-mile wide — it is a veritable paradise. It is called the *Margarethen Insel* (Margaret Island), and is the property of the Archduke Joseph, whose munificence has made it a beautiful resort for all who choose to visit it. Nature did much for it, but art and money have made it perfect. It is like an English park. Its landscape gardening is perfection, — the rarest of trees, plants, and flowers growing on every acre, save in the

centre, where, in a natural wood, is the ruin of a very old cloister.

My memory holds one sweet summer morning when I sat on a remaining threshold-stone beneath a massive arched doorway — all else of the wall on that side gone — of this picturesque ruin, and in the shadow of the olive and acacia gave myself up to all the delights of the place.

What a spot for an American! In one direction the exquisite green grass, soft and smooth as velvet, was dotted with peasant women in picturesque costume, snipping aspiring blades with huge scissors; brilliant uniforms and Paris-made dresses flitted in and out among the trees as their wearers followed the serpentine walks; peasant nurses, with their babies strapped and tied with flowing ribbons, sat in shaded nooks; and the river — the "beautiful blue Danube" — gleamed in the sunlight of that June morning, and kissed the shores with a gentle, rippling sound. Blended with the water's music, the cooing of babies, the chatter of young people, the snip, snip, of the scissors, the songs of birds, and the humming of insects,

were the pretty tinkling of the bells of tambourines, and the seductive strains of the violin and cymbal played by gypsy bands. Over the threshold on which I sat had passed in and passed out, hundreds of years ago, monks or nuns, I remember not which, — men or women whose souls I pray are at rest to-day. Within twenty feet of the old convent wall ran a little horse-car on whose sides were written "Tramway."

While I sat lost in reflections, yet with every sense keenly alive to the surroundings, a military band struck up the *Rakoczy*, the Hungarian *Marseillaise*. The old soldier by my side, who had kindly left me to quiet meditations, sprang to his feet, took off his hat, and turned his face in the direction of the martial music. There comes a flash into the eye of every Hungarian, and a sort of exaltation in his bosom, when he hears this wonderful march, even if played by a strolling troupe of vagabonds. I defy any one to hear this march without a flutter of the heart, and an excitement of mind almost beyond his control: how, then, must it affect the Hungarian, to whom it is a souvenir of revo-

lutions! I have seen young officers put their hands to their swords, and old officers grow young again, at the sound of its inspiring strains. The old general on the *Margarethen Insel* said to me, "I hear horses gallop, guns reverberate, soldier urge soldier on, wounded men cry, and shouts of triumph, when I hear the *Rakoczy*, and I feel I *must* go to fight."

I do not want to be the enemy to meet men led by such a march as that; and it is no wonder they fight to the death. This general had been a personal friend and companion of the great patriot Deak, and one day he laid in my hand what to him was a gift of precious value. "This is a laurel leaf from the crown that lay over Deak's head the day he went to his grave, and the day the empress herself came to weep over him, and put other laurel-leaves into the dead patriot's hands to be buried with him: it shall go to America with you," and the old soldier dropped a tear upon it. Never was man more mourned for than Deak, whose happy fate it was to die among the people he loved, while poor Kossuth lives an exile in Italy,

and mourns that he is not even to die in the dear country for which he staked his all.

On the *Margarethen Insel* are a fine summer hotel and the most superb bath-house I ever saw. The latter is really palatial, and the bath-rooms are simply exquisite. Imagine a white-marble room, with a rose-colored window, and a blue-and-white tiled bath, with pretty tiled steps sunken into the marble floor. Such a rosy, dainty bath-room as was mine during my stay on the island was fit for Diana herself. It is a combination I would suggest for an American house, whose zinc-lined standing tubs become abominations after this pretty sunken blue-and-white faience bath, flooded with rosy light from a stained-glass window. There are famous mineral springs on the island, and the water from one is so hot as it comes from the ground that it is drawn in the baths over night that it may get cooled properly. A mineral bath in such rooms as described above costs forty cents, but you must take your own soap or go without.

On this island, where are people of al-

most every nationality, and some of very high rank every summer, you can get the best of accommodations for fifteen dollars a week; and that is considered very extravagant. I wonder Americans do not go there. It is only a day's sail from Vienna, the air is perfect, the springs have rare medicinal qualities, and the music will hold you as under a spell. There are excursions enough about the neighborhood to keep one entertained for weeks. There are balls, if one wishes for them; but best of all things, there is perfect independence of action, and it is a delightful spot to rest and recuperate in.

One Sunday morning there came an invitation to spend the afternoon and evening at a villa a short distance out of the city. We arrived at about four o'clock, and found a large number of people engaged playing a game a little like our ten-pins, except that there were twelve pins, and they were placed in a row. I gave my conscience a tap, and reminded it that we were among the Romans, and it was to permit me to do as the Romans did, and give me no trouble. When, however,

I was approached by a young officer, who quietly asked me for a *Gulden*, I recalled that my father had been a clergyman, and I had been brought up to spend Sunday in the good New-England fashion; and I let my conscience give me a twinge or two. I replied that I had no *Gulden*, that in America ladies did not take their pocket-books to lawn-parties. "But you *must* play with us," he said; "and I will lend you the money." He did so, and kept my accounts; and, may I be forgiven! I won seven *Gulden* that Sunday afternoon. I've been doing penance ever since. Had I refused to join the game, there could not have been in that company any appreciation of my motives.

After supper, card-parties were formed. Never have I seen cards played in Hungary except for money. At family games between mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, money always lies on the table, and accounts are very carefully kept. These people were all Roman Catholics, but the Lutherans in Germany keep Sunday no better.

These summer villas are low one-story

houses, with a great deal of veranda-room; and the dining-table is always set out of doors on the veranda. There are usually great stretches of vineyard behind these cottages, and delightful rose-gardens before the doors. That night we had the most beautiful private display of fireworks I ever saw.

Hungarian gentlemen, like most Europeans, have a curious idea of American ladies: that we are "spoiled," as they express it, by much petting, is generally believed. An Hungarian expressed his knowledge of us by saying, when asked to contribute to my entertainment, "I speak only Hungarian, I cannot talk with her; but I will find a rocking-chair in the town somewhere, and I will be the man to fan her." I saw once in an Hungarian paper a picture of the American lady at home. Of course she sat in a rocking-chair, and four gentlemen hovered about her with fans and wraps.

The national costume of the Magyar magnate, which he wears on all state occasions, is simply magnificent. No men in the world could wear it as well. My host-

ess in Buda, evidently wishing to impress me, begged the finest-looking man of her acquaintance to don his robes of state, and call upon me. This gentleman, a member of Parliament, I do not think was at all loath to comply with her request; as the Hungarian noble loves his costume, and is justly proud of it. He came in robes as splendid as the robes in an Eastern tale. He wore the costliest of velvets, the richest of satins, and the rarest of furs. He wore a girdle of precious stones, and his superb mantle was fastened across his breast by large rosettes composed of jewels. I am willing to confess that I *was* impressed. Never have I seen man so splendidly arrayed, and so worthy of it. You can fancy how imposing a company of these nobles are on state occasions. I attended a requiem mass, at which the nobles were all present in this magnificence; and they were simply dazzling. Costly jewels are sometimes worn at the knee, or adorn the tops of the high boots which are always worn outside of the trousers.

DANUBIAN PEASANTS AND GYPSIES.

AN Hungarian peasant village is far from beautiful. The absence of trees, and the presence of either dust or mud, are its first striking peculiarities. Its two churches, one Roman Catholic, the other Protestant, standing side by side, are suggestive of the extreme religious toleration for which the country is noted. If the peasants are farmers, their houses are clustered together, while the farm lands they till stretch for miles away in every direction.

The going forth at sunrise and the returning at sunset are important events. Children go out to meet their fathers, and brown, bare-limbed maidens to greet their lovers, at the home-coming, and then follows the heartiest meal of the day. It is always amusing to see the herds of swine following the herdsmen down the hillsides;

each grunting, squealing pig knowing his own master, who plays cheerily on a rustic pipe. I admit that it is difficult to find much poetry in swine, yet this sight always suggested a poetic peacefulness and a pleasing Arcadian simplicity.

The Hungarian village seemed to me like a camp, — a petrified camp, as if in the beginning, long ago, tents had turned into houses. In the centre is usually an open square, which you may count upon being either chokingly dusty or miserably muddy. The small court or yard at the side of each dwelling will be found likewise. The houses, which stand with the gable end toward the street, are low, with sloping roofs thatched with reeds or straw, or covered with smooth fir shingles, and occasionally tiled. The doors are narrow, and there seems to be an antipathy to windows everywhere out in the country. Two or three small holes serve this purpose. I wonder that such great luminous-eyed people are content with such apertures as they see fit to call windows. The eaves project very far, covering a brick terrace on which is always a rude bench

or two, where the leisure time is spent by the family. This seat, being ostensibly the place of conversation and gossip, is called in Hungarian *szohord* (bearer of words).

These houses are but a story high, though under the roof is a loft used as a store-room. For the purpose of ventilation, round holes are pierced into this loft; and into these holes are thrust heads of maize from the last harvest and the sickle. This borders on the picturesque, and adds a pretty touch to the not very attractive structures: but the natives do this, not for ornament, but from some superstitious feeling; and its significance I did not learn, or do not remember.

Sidewalks are unknown; and flocks of geese, making distressingly comical efforts to be beautiful, dignified, and musical all at once, and failing miserably to be either, meander up and down the streets, always claiming the right of way. The largest sunflower that ever grew in America is but as a babe beside those that are both useful and ornamental in the courts of these cottages. If the American sunflower

is happy (and "to be as happy as a big sunflower," has become a saying with us), and this happiness grows out of its size, how supremely, superlatively happy, must be the radiant Hungarian blossom! It is simply gigantic, and you shade your eyes from it as from the sun. In some villages every peasant grows a patch of these huge sunflowers near his house, and sends their seeds to an oil-mill. There they are ground; and the coarser oil extracted from them is used for burning in lamps and for lubricating purposes; the refined oil is used for the table, and makes an exceedingly palatable salad-oil; and the hens and geese find the crushed seeds very choice eating. Brilliant many-colored poppies, the seeds of which are much valued as an ingredient in Hungarian confections, grow profusely in these door-yards; and if there is a tree, it is almost sure to be an acacia, though now and then a pale olive-tree casts its lace-like delicate shadow.

The interiors of these peasant homes are not unattractive. The floors are often of stamped earth, for wood is scarce. The Hungarian's love of color is shown in his

decoration of his furniture and his drinking utensils. It is the crudest kind of art: a gay painted wooden water-canteen now hanging on my wall, which I brought home with me, is invariably mistaken for the handiwork of the wildest of wild American Indians. Bedsteads, chests, and stools are decorated with gorgeous flowers in every hue, and of a species the most learned botanist knows not of: the background of this remarkable floral display is either plaided or striped in many colors.

The exteriors of these houses are white-washed, or, more truthfully speaking, green, yellow, or dark-red washed. The living-rooms being on one floor, going up and down stairs is an exercise of which the Hungarian peasant knows nothing. Often the entire family occupy one room at night, though they may possess several apartments, spreading their beds upon the floor. In the day-time these beds are piled in the corner, or, if the day is sunny, are left for hours out of doors, where their gay striped covers make, as you drive through the hamlet, beside each

doorway, a not unpleasant bit of effective coloring.

Domestic utensils are hung upon the walls, rows of curious-shaped jugs outlining the ceiling like a frieze. These jugs are of glazed earthenware, either brown or bright green, and are peculiar in this: their contents are drank from small holes in the handles. So small is the neck, that it is impossible to insert the hand, or any thing else, for the purpose of cleansing; and the potter leaves in each a piece of loose clay or a pebble, which, by its friction, keeps the inside free from deposit. A tiny little jug of this description to-day affords an admirable rattle for an American baby, who delights in shaking the quaint little thing which ever recalls to me the music made by the Hungarian maidens on their way to the well.

I spent a day in a wine-village, whose homes were not unlike those of the farmers I have described, except that many of them were built in the side of the mountain on whose slopes were the vineyards. Tunnelled into the hill, and cut from solid rock, were the wine-vaults, long galleries

extending far underground, and branching to the right and left like the streets of a city. With lighted tapers we followed our guides, the vine-dressers, who led us through the labyrinth till we begged from fatigue to return. Huge casks, some of them, it appeared to me, only second in size to the big Heidelberg Tun, stood against the sides, one after another, until it seemed that there alone was wine enough to supply the whole world. Some of the vine-dressers' houses were wholly hewn in the rock, with only an artificial front wall. Their occupants complained of rheumatism, as do many of the Hungarian peasantry, who sleep out of doors or upon floors of earth. Their cure is to plunge into the hot mineral baths with which the country abounds, or, better still to their thinking, to make pilgrimage on St. Stephen's Day, the 20th of August, to the old monastery of St. Martin, founded in 996, and there sit in the niche in which St. Stephen himself stood to celebrate the mass. The finest of the famous Tokay wine in which the natives delight, and which is prized the world over, grows on

the volcanic hill of Tokay, which juts like a promontory into the sea, from the great level plain that looks not unlike the "frozen ocean," which some one has called it.

This great alluvial plain, almost destitute of trees, and wholly of stones, is the most striking feature of Hungary's physical geography. It extends from Budapest to the borders of Transylvania, and is known as the *Alfold* (low-land), in contradistinction to *Felfold* (high-land), the sub-Carpathian district in the north. In the spring nothing can be more beautiful than this great plain covered with verdure, and its splendid sunsets are worth crossing the ocean to see. It is always like a great garden, with hedgeless fields of growing things planted by man.

The eye wanders from the pink of the buckwheat to the exquisite blue of the flax in flower; from the dull sombre green of the hemp to the vivid green of the maize, which the Hungarian calls *elet* (life). Acres and acres of golden wheat meet great fields of poppies, scarlet and purple and violet, and spread before you a variety

of changing color such as you may seek far and wide to find again. Beside green pools poses the stork, so much loved by Hungarian poets, and writers of romantic song, complacently studying his own reflection. You meet peasants, sometimes wearing their sheepskin pelisses, though it be midsummer, driving huge white oxen with enormous horns, attached to carts showing not a vestige of iron, and which might have been made in a time prior to the iron age. In some parts of Hungary vehicles for the transportation of people are called by the German word *Gelegenheit* (opportunity).

Prominent features of the landscape are the wells similar to those on the plains in the South of France. The Hungarian well is a shaft sunken in the soil, with a low wall about its mouth. The bucket is attached to the end of a long pole, the other end fastened to the earth, but so as to permit it to swing freely. To these wells come the noble droves of horses at noonday and at night, affording a most picturesque sight; the animals snorting and crowding for places at the trough, the

herdsmen mounted, their great flowing sleeves and wide, white, skirt-like trousers flaunting in the air, long pipes, the bowls bordered with tiny tinkling bells, in their mouths, and brigandish, slouched, broad-brimmed hats upon their heads. In the towns on this plain are held the great fairs, where all the produce of the year is brought, and where the annual sale of horses, which is an extensive traffic, takes place.

One visit to a gypsy village will be enough, and you will not care to tarry long. The romance which clings to these children of so strange a fate dies away somewhat when you find yourself in one of their hamlets. They herd together like animals. To be sure, their settlements resemble the better world in that there is no marrying or giving in marriage; but right there the resemblance ceases. One cannot imagine a grosser state of immorality and uncivilization than these people dwell in. Children of both sexes go nude till they are fourteen years old. They have no written language. Nothing is sacred to them; and they mostly live by plunder, though they profess to be horse-

dealers, and often they are cunning workers in gold and silver. Nearly all of them are wonderful musicians, yet they know nothing of the science of music. In Pest I saw a gypsy who had adopted the national costume, just returned from Russia, where he had been playing on the cymbal at the court and before the Czar, but without the slightest knowledge of the first rudiment of music. He was a magnificent-looking creature, carrying himself like a lord: he loved Wagner, and that composer has few better interpreters than this untaught gypsy. There was hardly an opera he did not know, — all learned, of course, by ear.

Everywhere you find the gypsy and his cymbal. Never knew I how beautiful eyes could be, what color and depths they could possess, till I looked into those of these vagabonds. If the eyes are indeed the "windows of the soul," what manner of soul have these people? — these people, ranked there hardly a degree above the beasts of the field.

An aged gypsy is seldom attractive. I recall with a shudder an horrible old for-

tune-teller, the incarnation of ugliness, but whose daughter, brown-skinned and bare-limbed and luminous-eyed, will remain with me forever, a beautiful memory; so exquisitely formed was she, so light and graceful in step; and yet some day — no, I will not think that she can ever be other than she was, — the perfection of physical loveliness!

I gave standing orders to servants in households where I stayed, that I should be summoned to the kitchen when the gypsies came upon any errands. I was always fascinated by them. Their coats are made of white linen, but are so brown that it taxes your faith to believe it; and somewhere in their costume always gleams a bit of scarlet; their shoes are pieces of canvas or leather ingeniously tied together. The hair, black as night, and hanging as straight as if each hair were weighted, is parted in the middle, and falls to the shoulders. There is a strange *spirituelle* expression, and one, too, of rare intelligence, which ever escapes you, in the sad swart face. The only link with humanity, not of their race, is their music, which the

Hungarian passionately loves. Philanthropists have tried in vain to civilize them and better their condition in Hungary. They remain all the same, both a blot and a fascination, and a dread and a delight to travellers.

The peasants of the Danube, unlike those of the Rhine, still cling fondly to their distinctive dress. That of the men is novel, rather than graceful, and is to be seen to advantage only on a holiday, or the very first of the week, since it consists almost wholly of white linen, which very quickly shows soil. The upper garment is a short, scant white shirt, reaching just to the waist, with side sleeves like those of a surplice. This shirt is always *tied* at the throat, which is a blessing to Hungarian housewives which of course they cannot appreciate, never having known, from sad experience, how buttons and tempers invariably fly off together. The nether limbs are covered by wide white-linen trousers, also tied about the waist, and so full as to resemble skirts, especially when bordered, as they often are, with a pretty fringe. Not till I saw a peasant mount a horse, did

I discover that masculine peculiarity of the garment, which I might reasonably have expected. These full drawers reach to the knee, where they are met by high top-boots. There is usually, when he is at work, a line of bare brown skin visible at the waist and knee.

These white drawers, which the Hungarians call the *gatya*, are the foundation for every Hungarian's dress, from the peasant to the prince. The common peasant wears nothing over them; those of a superior class hide them by very tight blue trousers, fastened within the boot, by a strap under the foot; and a man's station is indicated by his wearing of the *gatya*, either as a visible or invisible covering. In the beautiful national costume of the magnates, the trousers are also always worn inside the boots. Braces or suspenders are abhorred as a device of the hated German, and the latter is always caricatured with these articles streaming behind him. The Hungarian wears a narrow leather belt, so tightly drawn at the waist that one feels he must suffer.

The peasant, over his shirt, wears at

times a sort of sleeveless jacket, bordered with rows of glittering silver buttons set closely together; and in some districts, with the blue trousers are worn blue coats, handsomely braided. A broad-brimmed, slouched felt hat, or one entirely devoid of brim, known as the "pork-pie," covers his head. At his belt he carries an embroidered tobacco-pouch of white kid, and a round, gayly-painted, wooden water-canteen. His pipe is decorated with bits of bright metal.

The dress of the women is complicated and not easily described. It varies according to district, and every village has its fashion which remains permanent. The maiden goes at all seasons and in all weathers with uncovered hair; while the married woman is never seen without a small cap, or a sort of hood, at the back of her head. I was once in an Hungarian theatre, at the benefit of a favorite actress, who played the part of a badly-treated peasant wife, wrongfully put away by her husband for suspected infidelity. The most telling point in her acting was the removal of her cap, when it seemed proven

beyond doubt that she was not entitled to this badge of wifehood. The audience sat hushed and almost breathless at this point, but was perfectly deafening in its applause when she restored the little lace trifle to her head, when the time of her triumph came.

The peasant woman wears a short skirt, and a colored bodice over a white blouse waist. Over this bodice she wears a handkerchief crossed on the breast and tied at the waist behind; a narrow apron of some color, with gay border, falls over her skirt in front; and on her feet are high-topped black or scarlet leathern boots, or black boots with red leather set in their sides. The hair is braided in one long plait, and tied with many colored ribbons which reach to the ankles.

In Transylvania, the women wear a loose white-linen shift, falling nearly to the feet, tied closely about the throat. The sleeves are full, and extend only to the elbow. This is drawn in closely at the waist by a cord which supports a petticoat of some dark stuff, and an apron with a wide border in red, gold, and green. The

edges of the sleeves and neck, and the shoulder-seams of the white undergarment, are outlined with red and blue worsted.

The Wallach woman has the bosom of her shift closely embroidered with lines in bright worsteds; and she loops or folds her dark skirt at the side, so as to bring the gay border at an angle across the front, which is very graceful. On festive occasions she wears the *partas*, a sort of crown made of cardboard, and closely covered with false pearls. As you approach the East, you see gold or imitation gold coins braided in the hair, and the costumes grow more Oriental. But everywhere in Hungary they are picturesque and striking. Both men and women wear the *bunda*, a sheepskin coat, reaching nearly to the ground, with the wool on one side, and the other handsomely embroidered in colored silk or thread. Sometimes the wool is worn out, and sometimes in; and the peasant calls this garment his "house," since he uses it both in summer and winter, often sleeping in it.

The Magyar peasant woman — unlike the German, who spins, weaves, and dyes

her stuffs — buys at a store or at the fair all the materials for her clothing. When young, she has a fascinating, rustic beauty, that is very attractive; but because of her hard, unwomanly labor, she is almost repelling when old, so brown and coarse and masculine does she become. Hungary, always bemoaning its unhappy fate, and fighting against what it calls the Austrian tyranny, sadly overlooks its duty which lies near at hand, and might creditably cease long enough from its weeping, to make life easier for its women and dumb animals. It is painful enough to us to see women ploughing in the fields and carrying burdens like beasts; but it seems positively inhuman that they are permitted to work on stone buildings and quays, unload vessels, and shovel coal. I remember, too, with a sickening horror, the abuse of dumb animals.

I left a tender-hearted English lady in an Hungarian city, pleading the cause of these helpless creatures, only to be laughed at by those in authority; and, on the day of my departure, a poor dog was tied before her door, and beaten unmercifully,

while policemen looked complacently on, hoping in this way to show their contempt for her. The market-women at Pest go about with live geese tied by their feet, hanging upon their arms; and in the kitchens of the houses where I lived, would lie bound together, from early in the morning till noon, the chickens to be eaten at dinner-time. Their pitiful cries, growing feebler as the day wore on, seemed to reach no ears but mine, to which they penetrated in the remotest corner of the remote drawing-room. Endeared as are the Hungarians to me by their many noble traits and their kind hospitality, I must treasure against them the complacency with which they see old women labor, and the deaf ears they turn to the cries of dumb beasts.

The peasants address each other as "thy grace;" the husband calls the wife *thou*, and the wife the husband *you*, which is significant of the inferiority of the woman. To the nobleman they are very loyal, and regard his privileges as sacred. There is a peasant saying, "A lord is a lord, even in hell."

While making a pedestrian tour, I came one Sunday upon an inn on the side of a mountain, where at least two hundred peasants were enjoying on its broad terraces under the acacias a ball *al fresco*. The inn was gay with the Hungarian colors, red, white, and green; the peasants were in gala costume, each rustic swain wearing the white filaments of the "orphan girl's hair" in his hat; and the scene was exceedingly picturesque and inviting. We decided to dine with these pleasure-seekers, and ordered our dinner, to be served out of doors, of course. At an adjoining table were some theological students in long belted gowns reaching to the ground, and with brimless caps upon their heads, quietly drinking red wine. At another table sat a more noisy party of military officers, who dutifully rose at our approach, recognizing a superior officer in our party. Below us a band of gypsies furnished the music with violins, cymbals, and tambourines.

It is very difficult to realize that among a large number of people, it is *you* yourself who is *queer*, — who is the *foreigner;*

and for a moment I resented being so stared at, until I reflected that I was going through Hungary doing the same thing myself. Still I seemed in that multitude quite at a disadvantage; not a detail of my dress — made in Boston — escaping the curious eyes seriously turned upon me. "Do I, then, look so very strange to you?" I demanded of my companions, who answered, "Oh, yes; so *very* foreign, and so *interesting!*" which bit of sweetening made me quite resigned to being the black sheep in that flock.

I have a friend, born in America, but who learned German even before English, and who speaks it like a native. On his arrival in Hamburg he was asked something regarding America. "How do you know I am an American?" he asked. "By your boots," the German replied. My *buttoned* boots would have betrayed my foreign birth if nothing else did. I can really think of no worse penance than to be obliged to wear Hungarian boots, which I gazed upon in the shops sometimes in sore need, but always returning to my old shoes, though they were almost in tatters before I got out of the country.

The heavens in Hungary open on the briefest possible notice, and let down a rain sharper than I've ever seen elsewhere. This never seems to surprise the natives, who I think are always expectant, since the hail-storms and showers come so unannounced. We were housed on this day for a time, and amused ourselves with a lottery carried about by a peasant, who won five cents from us if the three numbers we chose from a bag in his one hand, added together, made more than a hundred: if they aggregated less than a hundred, we had our choice of the goodies in his other hand. After the shower the dancers came forth, eager to dance on the terrace the *csardas*. This is the national dance, and takes its name from the public house or inn, which in Hungarian is *csardas* (pronounced *sha-dash*) and is the favorite theme of the song and romance writers of that land. The *csardas* in romance is the haunt of the brigand, to this day a popular hero, the minstrel and *improvisatore*, Jews and political refugees, the gypsy, and the professional adventurer, who, as a means of consolation for some

great grief, becomes for a certain time a vagabond, and of the rustics, who wish to dance away an hour in the evening.

On every hillside, in every restaurant, at every dance, under your windows at night, and on the river by day, you hear the music of this fascinating dance, invariably played by gypsies, and usually on the wired cymbal. Like all Hungarian music, it has an inexpressibly sad echo in it, suiting well the far-away expression of longing in the mysterious eyes of the gypsy, who is always sought after to furnish this music for the *csardas*, which, though a peasant dance, is loved by all Hungarians, and is always introduced into the balls of the *haute volée*.

To be a professional musician is something the Hungarian scorns. He leaves this to the gypsy; and at the grand balls there are always two orchestras, one of Bohemians or Tcheks playing the waltzes and quadrilles; the other, a band of gypsies, knowing not one note from another, but invaluable when the *csardas* comes on the programme, which music they play entirely by ear, and with wonderful ex-

pression. It is true, the countesses and baronesses do not dance this dance with the *abandon* the peasant-girls throw into it; yet, beside our dancing, their manner of executing it would be considered decidedly unceremonious. An Hungarian proverb says there can be *no* amusement without the gypsy, and if he plays badly his eyes are scratched out with his own fiddlestick; but if he plays as he *should* play, and *can* play, the Magyar is ready to give him the coat upon his own back.

The *csardas* begins rather solemnly, opening with a stately promenade, the dancers in couples. Suddenly the music quickens, partners break brusquely away from each other, and each whirls independently, making a series of pantomimic motions. They then approach each other quite seriously, and just as you fancy the couple is to be re-united, the lady coquettishly retreats with measured though rapid steps, approaches and tantalizingly retreats again, repeating this until she is finally seized by her partner, who takes her at the waist with his hands alone, she putting her two hands upon his shoulders, so

that they dance face to face at arm's length. Then follows rapid waltzing, the gentleman frequently jumping the lady at some height, and the dance ends in a wild, delirious, and almost intoxicating whirl.

The *csardas* is unrivalled as a spectacle because of its variety. While two are dancing singly, the lady with one arm over her head, the other akimbo, and the gentleman keeping time, often making music, with his spurs, his arms and head acting in pantomime, another couple is whirling between them, and at no one time are two persons likely to be seen performing the same figure. My Hungarian friends could not resist the contagion and the seductive strains of the gypsies, and were soon indulging in the graceful amusement on that part of the terrace set apart for us; while I sat by, and realized what the Hungarian proverb meant, — "The Hungarian amuses himself weeping." There was under all this gayety a wail in the music from the mellow muffled cymbal, a cry of pain, which you who have heard Remenyi, the Hungarian, play, can understand. "Will you not dance?" a

young officer asked me. "I feel more like crying than dancing," I replied: "the music is simply heart-rending." — "Oh, I *always* feel like crying when I dance!" he answered. And I believed him.

An Hungarian peasant wedding lasts for several days, always at the inn, where each guest pays his proportion of the expense. When at last the bride is ready to go to her home, she is accompanied by her bridesmaids, who, at her door, remove her wreath, and put upon her head the little cap which signifies that she is a matron. In the bridal procession is always a cart, containing the dowry of the bride. She must furnish a bedstead, chest of linen, spinning-wheel, and a cradle, all gayly decorated. At the betrothal, the bride receives a piece of money from her lover instead of a ring; and if the engagement is broken the money must be returned.

An Easter custom, peculiar I think to Hungary, and observed by all classes from the peasant to the noble, is the sprinkling of each other with water or perfume; and he or she who gets wet must pay a forfeit of an egg, or if the egg is not at hand a

kiss is exacted. On Easter Sunday the girls go about with bottles, — the higher classes use bottles of perfume with gauze over their mouths, — and on Easter Monday the boys do the same.

There is a very prettily told story in the Hungarian, and one of which the people are fond, of the sad fate of a beautiful peasant belle, caught on her way from the well to her home, with a pail of water upon her head. In their zeal to obtain from her the forfeit, which would in this case have been a kiss, the village beaux so deluged her that she strangled, and could not again get her breath. They carried her home dead, and all the village was in deepest grief; and ever since, on Easter day, they say there a mass for the repose of her soul.

The words of the peasants' songs are the sheerest nonsense; but the music is agreeable, and peculiar in that, however a song may begin, it invariably ends in the minor. The melodies are all plaintive, whatever the sentiment of the words. To every song there is a prelude having no connection whatever with what follows.

I will give you an almost literal translation of one of the most common: —

"*Tin plates, copper plates,*
Apples, berries, and dates.
At my gate, at my gate,
Thou shalt not wait,
For it hath no lock, no lock;
And my door, and my door,
Is closed no more,
And its latch is of gold, of gold.
Our bans shall be said,
And we shall be wed,
Little brown [1] girl-to-be-sold."

[1] A marriageable girl.

AMONG THE MAGYARS.

CONVERSATION about me was rushing along at least through a half-dozen languages.

"How *natty* she looks!"

"Thank you!"

It was I who said the first; and I turned very quickly to learn who could have said the other in such perfect English, for it had a strange, sweet sound to me on board that Constantinople steamer.

"I thank you," said the English lady behind me, "for that dear little English word 'natty.' I have been a year and a half in the interior, where I have heard not one word of my own language. I have been listening to you for some time, and I could not keep quiet any longer."

It was a pretty peasant girl on the bank, whom I had pronounced "natty." I was talking English with an Hungarian officer, who must indeed be a bold soldier, since,

with but a dozen lessons, he was brave enough to be willing to converse in my own tongue.

"Take care, Missis, you will *become* a flea," he had shouted at me, as we boarded the boat, when I stopped to pat a big dog that reminded me of home.

"You, too, speak English," said the English lady to him.

"*Oui*, *oui*, *madame*," he replied, getting somewhat mixed: "I speak one very little one, just a few."

But people with glass tongues should not throw stones; and I am little disposed to laugh at my travelling companion on that day, though I don't remember any thing much funnier than his linguistic attempts. His persistence in addressing me as "Missis" always recalled Topsy. At the bottom of an invitation-card from his wife, asking me to dine, he pencilled one day, "English spiked here." "Speak, spoke, spike, why for not?" he insisted, when I stood corrector before him.

I am tempted to give you a sample of his epistolary English — just a sentence after eight English lessons, and written at

a time when, for some reason, he was separated from his family and friends: "O Missis, it is sorry that, when one must said, he are alone; but I will not complain me."

My chance acquaintance, the English lady, whom I was very glad to meet, gave me much information concerning the Hungarians and their character, where the German has not had his influence, as in the cities near to Vienna and to the Austrian frontier. She had been companion to a lady of the nobility, and had found her position hardly that of an upper servant in England. If a lady earns her living, she has no consideration, no social position. An Hungarian lady of the higher classes cannot take care of herself, however she may have become financially reduced. She can live from hand to mouth, on charity; but to work for money is to disgrace herself. The ladies, even the noble ladies, are by no means idle in their own households. They cook, sew, and sweep and clean their apartments, as American ladies able to hire servants would never think of doing. Intellectually,

except among the highest, they are inferior to the Austrian and the American, vastly.

In the middle classes, and among the masses, the woman is looked upon as greatly inferior. At dinner-parties in the interior, the ladies have their seats together at one end of the table, the gentlemen sit at the other end, that each may converse by themselves. The ladies too often indulge only in discussions upon their dress, their servants, and their household details. The man has little desire that the woman shall soar above these topics, and certainly does not aid her to do so. A marriageable girl is called "a woman-to-be-sold."

The Hungarian women are very beautiful, with as fine figures as the Vienna ladies, and preserving their willowy slightness long after the German has become fat and shapeless. They are dark-skinned, with glorious eyes, and one can often find traces of the vagabond blood of the gypsy in their faces; and nothing is more fascinating to me than this same gypsy expression. It is one that eludes you, and is so mysterious, and at the same time so mutinous that I never tired watching for it.

Their innocent swearing in Hungary, as in Prussia and Austria, is rather startling. Imagine these people, who, when they speak German, would not say, except in dire extremity, "*Donnerwetter*" (thunder-weather), their most dreadful oath, interlarding their conversation with "*Jesu Maria!*" "*Ach Gott!*" "*Gott und Jesu!*" A countryman of mine once said "Thunder!" in the presence of a lady in Berlin. She looked horrified. "*Mein Gott in Himmel!* [my God in heaven!] what a terrible oath!" she exclaimed. Ladies call on God, the Christ, and the Virgin Mary, every few minutes, and think no more of it than do some Americans who exclaim "Good gracious!" and "Oh, dear me!" which is but a corruption of *Deo mio*, the Italian for "my God."

With me, on this steamer making its way to the Black Sea, was the dear friend who had brought me out from America, and who was leading me through these sunny lands, and among these people of whom her husband, long since at rest, had been one. Forty years before, she had gone across this country a bride, her hus-

band holding a high position under the government.

"They called me 'the Lily' at twenty, and sixteen horses drew our carriage on my bridal tour, another carriage following with our servants and luggage," she said, with a half sigh.

One could well believe she had been as a flower at twenty, and most maidens of twenty might envy her her beauty to-day.

"Once we were established in our new home in Transylvania, it was not thought that *I* could walk, that *I* could do any thing but ride in state, dress to be beautiful, and lead every fashionable and *recherché* entertainment of the town. Day and night a soldier stood before my door, for there we represented the king. But I came not back in such state;" and far away she would go into that past, lost to me, lost to every one and every thing about her, in memories too sacred to intrude upon.

This is how she came back to Vienna: in an emigrant wagon, its cover made from table-linen by her own hands; skirting towns blazing or smouldering, creeping

along by night, hiding by day; breaking her stock of bread into tiny portions, that it might hold out; hearing the child cry day after day with hunger, — one long journey of terror and suffering.

There came the revolution. With her own hands she had taken from their envelopes seditious papers, substituting and mailing documents calculated to inspire faith and trust in the government, to which they were loyal. But a price was set upon her husband's head, and then came flight through a land full of horror and madness.

The sun shines sweetly down to-day, beautiful Hungary, on thy peaceful fields and singing streams; but what hast thou *not* known in the way of misery and woe!

Stranger than any fiction is the story of many a woman. You could hardly believe all I might tell of the eventful life of this friend, ending her days at last in America, pensioned by the Emperor of Austria.

Literature and a love of learning are comparatively recent in Hungary. The country, rent by wars, and always in a state of disturbance down to the eighteenth century, in letters and the arts fell far

behind the rest of Europe. Petofi, the Hungarian poet, says in one of his lyrics, —

"I am an Hungarian, and my face burns with shame; for I must blush that I *am* an Hungarian, since here amongst us the dawn hath not appeared, while elsewhere already blazes the mid-day sun."

And how characteristic is that which follows this avowal!

"But for no treasure, for no glory on earth, would I desert my birth-land; for I love with burning love and with devotion my country, even in its disgrace."

The "greatest feather in the Hungarian's cap," for a long, long period, was to have killed a Turk. There this expression so common with us originated. Only he who had killed an enemy could wear a feather, and each victory added a plume to his hat. But since the revolution of 1848 a love of literature has awakened, higher education and broader culture are sought after, and poets, historians, and novelists are arising from among the people. The whole world knows Jokai, the Hungarian novelist; and Munkaczy, the Hungarian artist, and Liszt, Gerster, and Remenyi, who have so de-

lighted Americans with their art, are also Hungarians.

To the American there is a peculiar charm in Hungarian life and travel for a time. We are so energetic a people; we strive so hard for something beyond us; we wear ourselves out in our pursuit of the unattainable. Sometimes I think we have no leisure in which to live, to enjoy. What do we know of that *dolce far niente* of Italy's people, that *Gemüthlichkeit* of the Hungarians? — there is not even an English word to express it. That but partially awakened love of knowledge has its charm for us; there is patriotism, fierce enough; but that half-indifference to the progress of the world has its fascinations, and is restful and helpful.

Americans go again and again to the same countries, to the same cities, and dwell upon the same avenues, abroad. Their path indeed is well beaten.

But within two or three days of Vienna, there is in Hungary a new field for the American tourist who has exhausted all others. A little knowledge of German will suffice the ordinary traveller, for inn-

keepers, waiters, railway-guards, and noblemen and priests nearly always speak that language; and, however remote the town might be from the capital, I should expect to find some one at hand speaking English. There are many Hungarian watering-places in the interior, famed, and justly too, I believe, for their curative springs. One of these is the "Bishops' Bath," the waters of which resemble Bad Gastein.

It is a singular and most interesting spot, lying in a small valley surrounded by low tertiary hills, beautifully wooded. In its centre is a sort of crater, a "water volcano," which continually casts up tiny shells of an existing species. These accumulate about the edge like lava from a volcano. In the stream near by are to be found the Egyptian lotus and other aquatic plants from the Nile, brought hither by the Turks during their occupation. At Szeged, they advertise that the ordinary drinking-water makes flesh, claiming for it in this direction the same valuable properties we find in cod-liver oil; but how true this is I do not know.

Hungarian towns that are real Magyar

towns offer much interesting study to the American. They exhibit a mixture of former barbarism and intrusive civilization which is very fascinating to the New World tourist. There is a charm in these days in going to places described in no English guide-book, and where one may not confidently expect to find his neighbor at table a countryman and a brother.

Though there is little of interest to the antiquarian, compared to that which he finds elsewhere, there are remains of noble castles and curious specimens of Gothic architecture, both ecclesiastical and domestic; and the old customs, even dating back to the Roman occupation, are carefully kept up in parts of the country where the German has not left his influence. Hungary has not been, till recently, a patron of the arts, and outside of its capital there are no picture-galleries; but the artist will find living pictures at every turn, ready to be transferred to canvas. In this land, to this day, the *improvisatore* goes about singing his songs, and brigands are heroes whom he lauds. If a man loses his wife, or is dismissed by his sweetheart,

he not unfrequently becomes an adventurer and a vagabond for a year, making no effort to gain his living, but getting it with nobody asking any questions as to how. He is generously assisted by all who know he is in this manner seeking consolation; and his evil deeds are forgiven him on earth, however it may be in heaven.

It is in this land that Goldsmith might have wandered without money, and with a tuneless flute. Such hospitality I do not know of elsewhere. In the interior, the lord of the manor requires the innkeeper to send the traveller who looks the gentleman to the manor-house; and if he proves to be a foreigner as well as a stranger, then the fatted calf is killed. It is true that it is one of the few ways the nobleman has of amusing himself, but it is hospitality all the same. If the guest in the interior travels by carriage, sometimes a wheel is removed from his vehicle and hidden away, perhaps in a hayloft, but it is as if destroyed for the mean time, that during his stay it may seem impossible to him to go elsewhere. One must go far

beyond Budapest to know the true Hungarian; for, resent it as he does, it is true, that, save in his feelings, the Austrian influence has robbed him of much of his nationality in the Hungarian capital.

The religious toleration of Hungary is its boast. In America we should call it rather indifference. Three-fifths of the Magyars are Roman Catholics; and nearly all the remainder are Protestants, either of the Helvetic or Augustan Confessions, the latter calling themselves Reformed. The Germans, who went to the country at the time of the Reformation, are Lutherans; and in many cases the Lutherans possess the mediæval cathedrals, altered so that the apse is lost, but the crucifix and altar are retained, and the cross is upon the spire. At Kronstadt, the clergy wear at the communion the heavy embroidered vestments once used by the priests at mass, and use also the chalice which dates back to 1400.

There are coins — not now in use — with the head of Kossuth, a Protestant, on one side, and on the obverse the effigy of the Virgin Mary, with the legend, "Holy

Mary, Mother of God, Protectress of Hungary." One is equally proud of being a Catholic and of being a Protestant. The law requires that every child shall be baptized by a clergyman. A Helvetic father must bring up his sons in that faith, and all children of the Romanist must belong to the Romish Church.

In Transylvania there are over sixty thousand Unitarians, their churches bearing on their fronts "*Soli Deo Gloria.*" At Kolozsvar there are a flourishing Unitarian church, college, and library; and at Budapest a mission Unitarian chapel is supported in part by contributions from America. There is also a sect under the name of Nazarenes, which resembles the society of Quakers, and claims exemption from military duty because of religious belief; and there are at least half a million of the Greek Church, mostly Ruthenians. Five per centum of the entire population are Jews; and I was told that eighteen per centum of the university students in the country are of Jewish birth, and two-thirds of these Jewish students study jurisprudence. Jew and Gentile have

little love for each other. Marriage between them is not permitted.

I do not know why to-day Hungary should be so mutinous; yet one feels that there is revolution in the air, and it seems to be born in the blood. My Vienna friend was not far wrong when she said that the Hungarian is never *happy* except when he is *miserable*. The people chafe under what they call the Austrian yoke, and occasionally will not endure to hear the German language; as this last winter, when the theatres, where German was spoken on the stage, were closed by force. The Emperor when he comes to Budapest *must* speak Hungarian. To them he is "King of Hungary." You never hear of "the Emperor of Austria." The poor little Princess Stephanie was obliged to master the dreadful Hungarian tongue before her marriage to the Crown Prince could be permitted. The Hungarians would like to build a wall, after that of the Chinese, round about their land. They boast that every thing man needs is to be found and grown within their boundaries. Carefully they treasure the old

Hungarian crown, hoping against hope that some day they will place it on the head of a ruler all their own.

The Empress, whom they style Queen of Hungary, they worship; and they welcome her coming into the country to hunt, with great joy and demonstration. The Austrians complain of her devotion and partiality to these people, but you can fancy how they love her for it. When Deak died she came to Pest, and wept over his coffin, putting away all ceremony, standing long by his remains, as a living friend beside a dead one.

I started out in this sketch on a Constantinople steamer, going down the Danube, with an English lady, and an officer of the country who *would* talk English. The last I heard of the English lady, she had been at the English consul's at Pest, and had told of meeting an "American lady, who really, considering she came from America, *spoke a very good English.*" The last *mal-mot* of my officer friend was his attempt to tell me that a tailor in his country was derisively called a goat. What he said was this: "We call one coat-man a '*man-sheep.*'"

There was a dear little Hungarian baby-boy on board. "I love you, heavenly mamma," he would say. "I love you as the dear pigeon loves the white wheat." The most extravagant similes are employed in conversation at all times, and the every-day talk is full of poetry. There is nothing corresponding to the *de* of the French or the *von* of the German in the Hungarian, the final letter of the surname indicating instead noble birth. The Christian name is always written *after* the surname, a fact I sometimes forgot to my annoyance; for more than once I caught myself addressing a gentleman on first acquaintance by the appellation which stood last on his visiting-card, — a bit of familiarity that must have surprised him, to say the least. Having once had occasion to address a note in reply to an invitation from a Polish lady, the Baroness de Tchorznicka, I carefully copied the dreadful name from her husband's card, to learn later that I had ignorantly addressed her as a *masculine*. Her husband was the Chevalier Tchorznick*i*. In that country, husband and wife are certainly not *one* in their final letter.

In an Hungarian shop every person, from the proprietor to the boy who opens your carriage-door, bows low before you as you enter, and says, "I kiss your hand, most gracious lady." And you would be rude indeed, if you did not say at parting, "Live well," to every person, in whatever station, with whom you had held any conversation.

Of all the national hymns the world over, I believe the Hungarian alone contemplates possible destruction. It is very characteristic. So it ends, —

"Or there shall come, if there *must* come, glorious death, where over its grave shall stand a nation in blood;

"And the tomb into which a nation sinks, the people shall surround;

"And in the eyes of millions shall be seen the tear of sorrow."

ONCE UPON A TIME IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE were fifteen or twenty of us in the Geneva *diligence*. Nine horses drew us, four at the wheel, then three, with two leaders, — a geometrically arranged team that was very pretty to look upon, and took us over the ground in a most satisfactory manner. There are three sounds which words are inadequate to describe; you must hear them to know them. They are the Alpine horn, the *jödel*, and the cracking of the Swiss coachman's whip. I always felt as if I had been all day under fire of a Gatling gun, when at night I took myself from under the tender care of a Swiss driver.

There were five of us, — our own party I mean, — and not a man among us. Two of us were *chaperones;* and the remaining three were the *chaperoned*, — three fun-loving American girls. Now, if you had

looked upon this trio of maidens, you would have seen three remarkably good-looking young women, remarkably well clothed, and carrying themselves before all the world as if responsible for the good name and the dignity of all feminine young America; but what lurked within, what possibilities of mischief dwelt beneath those demure exteriors, only their *chaperones* knew.

The *diligence* seats were so arranged that two were *vis-à-vis*, each accommodating five persons. Our party filled one, the most irrepressible of the maidens sitting at the end, and I next her. Opposite to me was the most ferocious of French army officers. He was in every way an exaggeration of any I had ever seen, and I had before come into the awful presence of some very fierce-looking specimens.

"I tremble," whispered one of the maidens solemnly, with a glance in his direction, and sitting closer to me.

"His eyebrows would not make bad bangs," said the maiden on the other side.

"Hush!" reproved the *chaperones*. How rich we should have grown, had a dollar

fallen into our pockets each time we dutifully exclaimed "Hush!"

The officer glared at us, each in turn, keeping his hand all the while on the hilt of his sword.

"Shall one laugh? or shall one cry?" murmured maiden No. 3.

Next to the awful officer sat a polyglot gentleman, with no end of languages about his person. "One in each pocket," suggested somebody. He displayed them in turn with a great deal of comfort and satisfaction to himself certainly. He became quite interesting when he told us that he had been condemned to death with poor Maximilian, had seen him shot, and for three days before his own release came had momentarily expected death for himself.

"Were you not very much afraid?" ventured a maiden, as the story became thrilling.

"*I* afraid!" he scornfully replied. "*I* am afraid of *nothing*, Mees."

There was a young English clergyman and his bride in the same range. She had a headache, and he would have had a

shoulder-ache if she had been a sister, an aunt, or a cousin; but he bravely held the bobbing little head all the day through, frequently whispering into its upturned ear sweet things which strayed over to the maidens, and twisted their natural expression all out of shape in their heroic efforts to keep decorous faces.

There was a woman with a baby, and the poor baby cried incessantly. Behind us were all sorts of people. It was enough to *hear* them without seeking to know how they looked; each seemed to be soliloquizing in a language of his own. The day was glorious; and, when I say that we were in Switzerland, you know the rest. There were times when we sat reverent and worshipful in the recognition of God's glory and greatness as he has expressed it in that land. There were moments when the girls were silent and breathless, with dewy eyes and rapt faces.

But there were also times when we toiled along the way, shut in from views of mountains and valleys, when we grew weary, and yawned a little, and found the seats hard and our *vis-à-vis* tiresome.

The maidens' appetites on all that European journeying had been positively appalling. They had, however, long ceased to feel any shame on that score, and ate openly and heartily, wherever circumstances permitted. One of them held in her possession a special letter of credit, sent out to her as a gift, with the request that she should purchase for herself, just before returning home, a velvet street-costume from Worth.

"I think I will get a silk costume instead of velvet, and eat the difference," she confided to me one day, showing an amount drawn on the letter in question.

"It is quite useless," another day she said. "I can't live on three meals a day and *table d'hôte* dinners over here, and I won't send home for more money. I'll get myself a cashmere dress instead of a silk. It is all the same, you know, as long as it comes from Paris."

At last she confessed, somewhat ruefully, that she had now devoured the underskirt, and was about to attack the overdress. When we left Geneva, she had among her small luggage a large paper

bag filled with all sorts of good things, the neck of a wine-bottle protruding from the open top. "There goes my last sleeve, my dear!" she whispered; "and I've only the ornaments, buttons, and hooks and eyes left." The contents of this bag duly disappeared, and it at last remained in her hands empty.

We were creeping along rather wearily, everybody self-absorbed. Watching her opportunity, the wickedest maiden of all expanded that bag, deftly twisted its top so as to shut in the air, and burst it against the outside of the vehicle. I only saw the proceeding. Neither she nor I was prepared for the result. The report was sharp, quick, and startling.

The horses stopped: the many reins lost their individuality, and drooped in a tangle together. The military man rose in his seat, even more terrible, so that I shook in my boots as he faced me. The man who was "never afraid" crouched down and actually trembled; and the baby stopped crying for the first time. Above all came the piercing cry of the bride, "O Algernon! if you love me, Algernon, save me!"

I caught an appealing glance from my young countrywoman at the end of the seat, who had lost some of her color, and implored me with a look to keep silent, which I mentally vowed to do. The guard, mail-agent, and driver had descended from their high place at the very first, and were for some time engaged in looking over the running-gear, and testing various parts of it. The Babelites behind us consulted together as to the safety of going on in case any thing had been broken; and at last the awe-inspiring soldier remarked that in *his* opinion somebody had fired a pistol-shot from the woods.

"I'm sure *you* ought to know a pistol-shot when you hear it," said the dreadful cause of all the trouble, rallying a good deal, but still a trifle tremulous. At which the military man actually let out a tuck in his forehead, and smiled, recognizing the compliment, but looking even more diabolical than ever.

At last we went on; but it was very evident that the equanimity of the *diligence* had been disturbed. It had lost much of its assurance, so to speak. In

Chamouni, that night, I heard the whole affair gravely told in the hotel-office; and the guardian of the French Republic solemnly asserted, —

"I know a pistol-shot, and *that* was one, or I am not Gen. de N——!"

Dear, delightful Chamouni! All travellers know it. How happily it lies in the green valley under Mont Blanc, hemmed in on every side by glacier fields, or jagged, furrowed walls of frowning mountains! The town itself is not beautiful, but little care we for that. Dinner was served immediately upon our arrival, ordered by the youngest maiden. It was served in our own room. We shocked the waiter by rising between the courses, and by going to a balcony, where there stood a telescope, through which we watched a party ascending Mont Blanc. There were seven in the party, including one lady. Often we saw the latter sink to her waist in the snow, when the guides would lift her out, and seem to drag her a few steps till she could get strength and courage to go on. They were all exhausted, but they were nearing the half-way house where they

would spend the night. The powerful glass brought them very near to us; and toward the last we almost involuntarily reached out our own hands to assist one of the gentlemen, who threw himself down, and refused to go a step farther. The others beat his hands and feet, put something to his lips, and, after much endeavor, got him on.

With Mark Twain I prefer ascending Mont Blanc by telescope. It seemed a foolish, hazardous thing to do, and without its compensations.

That night we saw the sun bid the giant of mountains, and all its snowy brethren, good night, ere it went into its own rest. Its last, long, lingering kiss rested upon Mont Blanc; and the mountain blushed, at first a faint rosy pink which deepened into exultant red, as if it gloried in such a lover, sure to return with the daybreak to bring back these blushes with a morning kiss as rapturous. The great fields of ice were lilac, almost purple in the shadow; the flitting white clouds flamed with color; a rose-colored veil seemed to droop from peak to peak. All that great waste, all

that coldness and awfulness, became in that atmosphere a scene of tender, exquisite beauty, the influence of light. The parting ray of that summer sun, its last sweet caress, made glad that region of eternal snow, as one word in this world of ours will often make a barren, desolate life joyous.

"That is as I shall always picture heaven," said the sweetest of all the maidens.

"And I could sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' feeling it as I never felt it before," said another, who could scarce refrain from lifting up her lovely voice before all those strangers.

It was so beautiful! We had dreamed of it all our lives; and at last we sat in the presence of the king of the Alps, glorified by an Alpine sunset.

Yes, we were at last in Switzerland. A pretty peasant girl in curious costume, with a goat on whose neck was a tinkling bell, passed down the road; tourists with Alpine stocks and streaming scarfs upon their hats were just coming in from long tramps; and near by a number of guides

talked together in an unintelligible *patois*.

On the balcony were some English people; and one of them, a gentleman, — the only deliberately rude Englishman I have ever encountered, — said, as if he were addressing the air, or the *Mer de Glace*, "*That* is what the Americans call *Mount Blank!*"

"You English are so good a people, so philanthropic," one of the maidens responded sweetly, — I was always fearful when she took that tone, — "you are so grand and superior a people," — here the Englishman began to show his appreciation of the compliment, — "that I wonder that in your goodness you do not send missionaries to America to teach us to speak French. Shall I mention it to the Queen the next time I am presented?" And the maiden bathed him in her most benign and fascinating smile; and the Englishman stammered, "Aw, yes; but you know" — and he got lost in a verbal quagmire, and retreated.

"How could you?" I began.

"My dear, you have put that question

to me forty times within a week; and as many times I have answered, 'How *could* I help it?'"

The darkness fell upon us: we bethought ourselves of the morrow. Arrangements were to be made for ascending the Flégère. Mules and guides must be engaged.

"Leave it to me," I said, seeing that the others, now the excitement was over, were beginning to droop wearily. They gladly did so. I watched them go through the hall, each take from the table a candle, light it, and like a quartet of Lady Macbeths slowly pass down the passage, and disappear. I smiled at the queer procession. How far we all were from home! How strange it all was, deliciously strange; yet how the homesickness *would* creep in when candle-time came!

I went to the office, and found the *portier*, who made it easy for me to arrange in person with the guides for all the details of the morrow's excursion. I heard some English in the parlor; and there I saw the two prettiest girls I'd seen in all Europe, ulster-clad from throat to toe, and with

them a man as handsome as an Hungarian. They were from Worcester, Mass. I said in my heart, "I *am* proud of you, O my countrymen and countrywomen!"

I made my way back to the apartments up stairs, where I found the maidens and the matron in different stages of undress, sitting or lying about, "talking things over." I have been told that men never sit on the floor with a stocking in one hand, head on a chair, talking things over in that delightful half-hour before the light is put out; and I am sorry for them, since they know not what they miss.

All the way up the stairs I had pondered, "This time I can have left *nothing* undone. They cannot ask me a question that I cannot answer."

I don't know why; but we had not that faith in each other when either of us went singly to make arrangements, that we ought to have had. Each was sure of her *own* particular self, of course. I knew it was like going on to the witness-stand when I entered the room. But I was self-confident this time, and was positive I had accomplished every thing: I had settled on

mules, guides, prices, time of starting and returning, and had even ascertained the amount of the expected *pour-boire*. I threw open the door.

"There, *that* is done," I ejaculated. "We start at seven to-morrow. *Every thing* is attended to."

The first question put all my complacency to flight. That fifth part of us who came from San Francisco, who had been in parts known and unknown, faced me with her hair-brush poised above her beautiful hair, and asked, —

"Have you engaged the *mules' tails?*"

"No," I said, a little indignantly: "I neither mentioned their tails, their nigh ears, nor their off hind legs: I engaged *five mules*."

"Then you must go directly back," retorted she from California, — "you must indeed, my dear! Three times have I engaged mules to carry me, — the last time at Sorrento, — and their tails have been *let out* to somebody else — some native — who has been dragged up by them."

The maidens sent up a shout of laughter that must have startled the household, but

there were tears in the voice from the Golden Gate. I went back, and engaged five mules' tails. Oh, there is nothing like experience! Now, if those mules resembled Georgia mules, it would have been rather interesting to see a native climbing a mountain-side by aid of their caudal appendages. The Alpine mules are wilful enough, as we found out later; but their wilfulness seems to be more equally distributed. It takes a Southern darky to develop the hind legs of the animal.

At last we fell asleep. It was cold. The feather-bed above me — my only covering save the sheet — bounded off me every time I moved. The bed was narrow, the *plumeau* was as round as a ball. A happy thought, unhappy in its consequences, struck me. With big hat-pins, stolen from the maidens' head-gear mostly, I pinned the bounding billow down on either side, and peacefully went to sleep. Dreaming, I turned over; waking, I heard a rip, rip, and opening my eyes I beheld the air full of down, and felt the feathers settling upon my face. My own mother would not have known me when I rose from that bed the next morning.

What a glorious morning it was! What a breakfast we had, — all white and gold! The whitest of rolls, the yellowest of butter, and honey fit for the gods, delicate, pure, and amber-colored. That was all, except the coffee. At seven o'clock we joined our cavalcade assembled in the court. The mules looked innocent enough, and the guides as if they might hold out for one more day; and we were in excellent spirits.

Immediately a mule began to coquet with me. Knowing thing! It had perceived that I was of light weight, and wished to secure me for its burden. "There seems to be a bit of the *human* in you," I said, as it tried to rub noses with me, in its eagerness to win me over. "No: you are stout and strong; and you shall take the 'Baroness,' whom any mule should be proud to carry, if she is *not* quite a sylph."

The "Baroness" mounted, and the mule *sat down*. "Not for worlds do I get on to *that thing* again!" she disgustedly remarked. So it fell to me, its first love, and behaved well enough. I must say the

saddle struck me as an insult to one who loves to ride. It resembled an old-fashioned crib, with its slat sides built up to keep the baby from falling out. It was evidently constructed on the same principle in regard to us, though at times I looked down at its wooden railing with scorn.

There was at the first a good stretch of level road before us. The air was crisp and fresh; there was exhilaration in it; within me was a sort of exaltation. I was in Switzerland, and I was in the saddle. "Come, muley," I said, "we will have a trot." Muley was willing. I will only say that she who wants to trot a Swiss mule, may. I shall never do it again. When the others came up to me they found me weeping, and muley in any thing but a happy frame of mind, having been brought up standing in the midst of what I suppose it called fun. Let me pass over it quickly, I ache to think of it.

"What is this mule's name?"

"Fanny."

"What is *my* mule's name?"

"Fanny."

"And what is *mine's* name?"

"Fanny."

"What do you call mine?"

"Fanny."

"And *what* do you call mine?"

"Fanny."

Names must be scarce in Chamouni; since, one mule having been named for an American lady, all the rest of the animals had to be christened likewise.

Our ascent was at times perilous, at least so it seemed to me. Alpine mule-paths have been so often, described with all their attendant horrors and delights, that I forbear to give any account of them, any description of the beauty and grandeur that made glad our eyes as we went higher and higher, till we stood on the Flégère, having made in a forenoon an ascent greater than that of Mount Washington. It is from this point you best view Mont Blanc. Its contrast with the green valley and its singing, sunny river, and the great pine-forests between you and it, give it an added charm and soften its awfulness.

On the Flégère, you stand face to face

with the Mer de Glace, that most wonderful of glaciers. You best see it from here, though after, you will want to put foot upon it, and cross it. It was a wonderful spot. It is indeed — this glacier — like a sea, frozen into stillness, as it runs mountains high in a great storm. Snow rested upon its heights and filled its chasms, but its banks seemed green and pleasant from this distance. The *Aiguilles* shot up into the sky, one to a height five thousand feet above me, — dark, awful masses of rock to which no snow can cling, where no chamois can find footing, and where not even a bird seeks rest. There is a desolation about these uncovered heights greater than where lie in undisturbed repose vast regions of eternal snow and vast fields of icy pinnacles.

Now and then we heard the far-away thunder of an avalanche, awaking echoes on every side, — a fearful sound, singularly impressive. There is something terrible in the moan and strain of the glaciers, grinding themselves against each other, and in the sound of the torrents and cataracts, rushing madly in and out of the

great basins or hollows. It was impressively and oppressively sublime.

"I am glad to have seen it," said the merriest of the maidens, sobered almost to sadness, "but it burdens me. I love best the valleys, and the streams that sing, and the places the flowers love to dwell in. This is glorious, but it is awful."

My guide, I am confident, was ninety-five; but as he assured me he was but eighty-five, I suppose I ought to believe him. Because of his advanced age, I respectfully listened to him when he lectured me on having come to Europe without my husband. His remarks were not wholly directed to my individual case. I was not the first American lady, without her better half, whom he had guided up the Flégère. Indeed, if I am to trust him, his whole time was devoted to this particular class of tourists: he had developed a monstrous sympathy for the poor husbands left at home. As this compassion seemed harmless, I permitted him to indulge in it, and even joined him in his expression of it. It is true, no ladies go about as do the Americans.

There were some things not at all pleasant in our descent. Fanny's fore-legs too frequently shut up like a jack-knife, leaving me somewhere in a queer uncertainty of being. I was always recovering myself. If the way was especially perpendicular, she took leaps after the manner of the chamois. Being a pack-mule, she, from habit, kept to the outward edge of the shelf-like path, and always paused at the most dreadful places. She would hold me for several seconds suspended over a precipice two thousand feet high. I came to value the crib-like saddle. Blind hanging on was all that saved me.

But we got back that night to our hotel safe and jubilant, if somewhat lame. The landlord met us at the door: —

"Mesdames, I regret very much, but the *table d'hôte* is over. It is very late, mesdames. We will serve extra *table d'hôte* for the ladies if the ladies do not mind paying the extra expense." We were hungry enough to have delivered up our letters of credit on demand, for a good square meal. Recklessly we ordered dinner at once in our own apartment, — seven

courses, the best to be had of every thing. It *was* a good dinner. As hunger disappeared, the prospective bill for all this extra service began to darkly loom up before us, and we curiously seized upon the piece of paper with the dreaded amount upon it. We were charged *eleven cents* each for dinner out of hours, and for service in our room. The dinner itself was sixty cents apiece. We advised a certain maiden to remain there.

In due time we came again to Geneva. As we drove up to the Hotel Beau Rivage, what think you greeted our eyes? A half-dozen American rocking-chairs set out upon its piazza. O cunning man! Who taught you, Beau Rivage proprietor, to throw out such a bait? We were caught by it. Simultaneously we walked to the piazza, stopping not to look after our luggage even. We seated ourselves, and began a rapid to-and-fro motion. I will not describe the sensations that filled our souls. After a little I took courage to confide to my nearest companion that I abominated rocking-chairs when at home; and she whisperingly responded that they

always made her ill, and nothing would induce her to rock at such a rate in America.

"I think I've paid my tribute to my country's weakness," suddenly exclaimed a maiden.

"I too. I hate rockers," said another.

"I fairly despise 'em," chimed in a third.

How often "abroad" we stand up for a thing that is American, or sit down in a thing that is American, because it *is* American, finding no other possible reason in our hearts for so doing!

We came together that evening in the parlor, each from some individual quest.

"I have had such a *good time* to-day," remarked one of the girls.

I looked up, and caught a smile upon the face of a charming young English lady who chanced to be sitting there. She instantly apologized.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I smiled at that very droll Americanism, 'good time.'"

"And what would *you* say?" I asked.

"Oh! we should say we have been *amusing ourselves*," she replied.

Three maidens turned faces full of pity upon her. How much it would take out of life, they thought, if they were to lose "good time" from their vocabularies!

"I would not like to cross the ocean," the English lady went on. "My brother went to America. He was *jolly ill* all the way over: were you?"

There was not one of us that could recall any thing *jolly* about our *mal de mer*.

. . . . . .

Paris at last! It was the maidens' first coming into the city of delight. The ride from Geneva was nothing. "*Who* could be tired in Paris?" they said.

"The Louvre is close by," said one, looking up from her map. "I think I will walk over by myself, and take just one glance at the Venus before luncheon."

"My dear," I said, trying to look shocked, "remember you are in Paris. Young ladies *never* go alone in Paris. *I* will go with you."

It is very trying to chaperone a girl who is half a head taller than you are. "Come, then," she said, but I felt her looking down on me; and under her smile I knew there

was the thought, "I can take care of myself as well as you can, but you shall be humored."

"*Why* does every one stare at us so?" she asked in a tone of annoyance as we crossed one of the bridges. "Is there any thing strange about me?"

"Yes, my dear: it is because you are old and ugly, your teeth are not even, and your eyes are askew, and your hair is drab, and your complexion is gray, and you are dumpy, and your dress is dowdy."

"There, now, stop! All the rest *may* be true, but this gown — *this* gown Madame B herself said was quietly elegant, or elegantly quiet, I've forgotten which, and" —

"Well, then, it is because the Frenchmen, with all their polish, are the rudest, the most impolite, and the most ungentlemanly men in the street, that you can find the world over."

"I believe you," she gasped, as two of them stopped near us and looked her over, exactly as an American gentleman would pause in the street to look at a fine horse.

It is all a matter of custom perhaps. A

Spanish lady feels herself unappreciated, and resents it, if she is not well stared at and looked after by the men whom she encounters as she takes her afternoon walk.

Meeting friends from our hotel, we parted at the Louvre, as I desired to find still another friend. Going into the street alone, — I knew Paris, — I called a *fiacre*, and ordered the driver to take me to a location quite at the other end of the city from that in which he was. He shut the door with a flourish, mounted the box, and dashed off with that recklessness that characterizes the Paris *cocher*, and smacks enough of danger to make a drive exciting. Why should he take any care? If you are run over in Paris, you are fined for it: you have no business to be in the way. The *cocher* keeps that always in mind, and seeks to increase the city's revenue. Horses fall continually on the slippery concrete pavements.

We dashed into a narrow business street, and down went the horse. In accordance with my habit, I sprang out, closed the door, and fell back where I might not see the poor brute helped to his feet by kicks

or hard words. He was an agile animal; he was up in an instant, and he was off. The driver had not seen me alight, did not miss me, and we had parted company forever. Nothing happened to me. I sought the nearest *fiacre* stand, and made another start. But I would have been willing to pay a double fare if I might have seen that coachman, after a drive of at least three miles, opening his door with his own particular flourish, and finding — nobody. Did he look under the cushions? did he swear pretty French oaths? did his conscience tell him that he had rattled me out of the window, or reduced me to a powder, carried off on the wings of the summer breeze? One thing certain: he had a fresh story to tell to his *camarades* of "those dreadful Americans."

WHAT IT COSTS TO TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

TO many people, "going abroad" does not now mean very much, since it has become so frequent an event in their lives. We all have friends who are liable at any time, on the occasion of a morning call or a chance meeting on the street, to inform us that they are to sail for Europe the next week or the next month, very much as they would announce a prospective trip to New York or Boston.

But there are also many people — and the number is vastly larger — to whom going to Europe is as yet but a dream and a hope, and to whom, when it does come to pass, it will be in all probability the one great event of a lifetime. It is for such that I write this chapter. To those with whom neither money nor time are "objects," as the saying goes, these pages can have no interest. Among the untravelled, ideas as

a rule are very vague regarding both the time and the money necessary for European travel. It is possible that some such readers, after having the almost precise cost presented to them, will find the realization of their desire within their resources. As accurately as I can, I will give both the expense of some tours which I will suggest, and the necessary time in making them.

But first let me give you some advice to be acted upon at starting. If you go abroad for the purpose of sight-seeing, and to make the round of the hotels, take not one ounce of superfluous baggage. After you have packed your trunk with what you are very sure you need, sift its contents once more, and again a second time; and then I warn you that when you get to Europe, you will wish you had sifted them yet a third time.

It is possible to travel with perfect comfort with a small trunk whose weight comes within the limited number of pounds carried free by the railroads. I have tried it for many months, and know it. Clothing is everywhere laundried in a

few hours, and garments are to be bought ready-made if need for new arises. I have also for many months carried about with me on the Continent the same amount of luggage a lady would find it necessary to provide herself with if making a summer tour of the fashionable watering-places at home. This was necessary because of frequent stays in private houses, — where, by the way, the American trunks called for unbounded admiration, — but I think and speak feelingly on the subject. Those trunks were ever my *bêtes noirs* in white canvas covers.

The first tour I suggest is over the beaten path, which we each want to tread once. It is an extensive one, and the tour to be taken if you contemplate going to Europe but once in a lifetime. Its route takes in all the great cities commonly visited, and all the famous sights. It covers the British Isles, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and France. I have studied it well; and I believe the route, as here laid down, will prove an economical one, both in time and money. As I intend to give almost its exact cost,

I will outline it so fully that it may be easily followed on the map. You can therefore see how far a certain amount of money will take you.[1]

I do not even touch upon the beauties and wonders that lie along the way. The mere mention of localities is sufficiently suggestive of these, and awakens in my own heart a longing to become once more the pilgrim. I believe in a preparatory course of study if you go to Europe quite seriously, with the purpose of really learning and seeing what is in the world. I once heard an American in Venice ask who Michael Angelo was. I don't think I could believe this, had not the question fallen on my own ears; and I am sorry to say that ignorance quite as astonishing was not seldom displayed by countrywomen I chanced to run across.

Naturally, without some previously gained knowledge of what lies along your way, you find yourself often perplexed by the mere suggestive information of the

[1] For these estimates I am indebted to Mr. T. E. Bond, 260 Washington Street, Boston, the representative of the Messrs. Gaze of London, from whom one can ascertain the cost of any foreign journey.

guide-book or courier. If you leave it to the hackman to say what you shall or shall not see in great cities, — as travellers too often do, — in all probability you will frequently feel that you have wasted half your day. It is not often that *all* the sights laid down in the guide are of interest to one person; and it is better, where time is limited, to select the half, and do them thoroughly and understandingly, than to run through the list in a hurry. Better a good look at one thing than a mere glance at a dozen. But to come back to this tour.

You land at Queenstown, go by rail to Cork, visit the Lakes of Killarney, and proceed to Dublin by way of Mallow and Kildare; thence to Portrush, *via* Dundalk and Loch Erne, and after the Giants' Causeway go to Belfast, and take steamer for Glasgow, *via* Greenoch, the Frith of Clyde, and the Clyde. From Glasgow a detour will embrace Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Callander, Stirling Castle, and Bannockburn, and you are at Edinburgh. Then come Melrose and Abbotsford, Carlisle and Penrith; the coach-ride to Pooley

Bridge; the boat-ride on Ullswater to Patterdale; coach again to Ambleside, over the Kirkstone Pass. You do Lake Windermere and all that beautiful country thereabouts, and go by rail to London, *via* Stafford, Rugby, Peterborough, Ely, and Cambridge.

From London, by way of Harwich, you reach the Continent, landing at Rotterdam. I cannot, of course, mention half the places at which you may wish to stop; but after the Hague, by this route, you visit the following cities in their order: Amsterdam, Hanover, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Verona (by Brenner Pass), Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Rome again, Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Milan, and you are at Como, ready for the Italian lakes. From Como, you sail to Bellagio; thence go to Menaggio, Porlezza, Lugano, Luino, Locarno, and to Stresa, where you take diligence over the Simplon Pass to Brieg, and you are in Switzerland.

From Brieg, you go to Martigny; over the Tête Noir to Chamouni (Mont Blanc and the Mer de Glace), and then to Gen-

eva. From Geneva, you go up the lake to Lausanne, taking in Chillon and Vevey; thence to Berne, and across Lake Thun to Interlaken. Here you tarry to do the valleys of the Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, returning each night to Interlaken; and after these you pause a day at the Giessbach Fall, and then proceed to Brienz, and over the Brunig Pass to Alpnach, and by steamer to Lucerne; from Lucerne you take boat for Vitznau and the ascent of the Rigi.

You descend the Rigi to Arth, and go to Strassburg *via* Zug, Zurich, Schaffhausen (the falls of the Rhine), and reach Mayence, through Baden, Oos, Heidelberg (all happy roads leading to Heidelberg), Frankfort, and Wiesbaden. At Mayence you take steamer down the Rhine to Cologne, and from Cologne you get to Paris by way of Brussels and Antwerp. From Paris you are back at London, *via* Rouen, Dieppe, Newhaven, and Brighton.

Between London and Liverpool, from which port you sail for home, there is more of England and a part of Wales to

be seen. The route lies through Leamington (for Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon), Kenilworth, Coventry, Shrewsbury, Aberdovey, Barmouth, Carnarvon, Menai Bridge, Rhyl, Chester, and Holywell. There are at every point detours to be made, and suburbs to be visited, of which I do not speak, believing this outline to be sufficiently definite to show what the route embraces. When you have gone over this, you have "done Europe," accepting the recognized limits of this expression. You have, at least, made the "grand tour."

The actual time required in making this tour, with no allowance for sight-seeing, and without night travel except on the ocean, is fifty-five days. The cost of fares from New York to New York, including the best berth on the best line of steamers, and everywhere first-class railway travel, is four hundred and forty-six dollars. For second-class railway carriages and best steamer accommodations, it is three hundred and eighty-six dollars. This can be still further reduced by second cabin or intermediate places on shipboard.

I have seen several students and artists who have crossed in the second cabin of the Hamburg ships (touching at Plymouth and Cherbourg), making no complaint, and cheerfully sacrificing some comforts and luxury with Europe before them. It is the *feelings* of an American that are hurt by accommodations styled "second class."

Each traveller must determine for himself how much time, beyond the two months to be consumed in travel, he can give to a comprehensive tour like the above. A year is not too much; and there are people who have gone over this ground in six months who have come home knowing it better than others who have been three times as long about it.

Your hotel expenses, if you make your own arrangements and live as at first-class hotels at home, you may count upon being the same as in America. I never found them any less, where I meekly paid what was asked me. But it is possible to gauge them exactly by purchasing Gaze's books of hotel coupons, which are honored always by good hotels, and often by the

best in a place. One coupon calls for room, lights, and service, another for meat breakfast, and another for *table-d'hôte* dinner, with or without wine, as is the custom of the hotel.

To the inexperienced traveller abroad, who does not know the language of the land, and to ladies, I heartily commend this method of paying hotel bills. It will save some money and a great deal of temper. At many hotels there seems to be no standard of prices, and your nationality and the cut of your garments influence the landlord's charges. With these coupons, no disputes can arise, and you have not to study a long list of items each day. Never mind how much money you have, it aggravates you to be charged twenty cents one day for candles never burned: and ten cents for the same the next day at the next hotel, till you feel like searching out the quotations for the market price of tallow.

These coupons cost, for use in Great Britain, two dollars and seventy-five cents a day; on the Continent, two dollars and ten cents; and for Egypt, Asia Minor, and

Turkey, three dollars and twenty cents. To this must be added at least one dollar and fifty cents a day for fees, carriages, and incidental expenses. Deduct from the fifty-five days the twenty days on the ocean, add the number of days you can spend abroad in sight-seeing, and multiply these by the cost of hotel accommodations, fees, etc., and add this to the expense of fares, and you can very closely estimate the entire cost of such a trip. Fifteen hundred dollars ought to be an ample sum, if one is not lavish in expenditure, for this tour which includes all the European cities and sights of note, if it consumed a year. A gentleman alone could do it on less. Where you remain long in a place, a comparatively cheap *pension* arrangement can be made. It must be borne in mind that people who go to Europe because it is cheaper living there than in America do not travel about. The amount above quoted would be too small if the tourist practised no economy. I merely show what it *can* be done for, pleasantly and comfortably.

I propose also to outline several short

tours to be made in half a year or less. Take first this of the British Isles. As I lay it out, the cost for fares from New York to New York, always first-class, is two hundred and ninety-five dollars. For second-class railway carriages, which I do not recommend, two hundred and seventy-two dollars. The time required for actual travel, with no allowance for sight-seeing, is forty days. It is more expensive living in England than on the Continent; but my figures show that this trip can be made in ten weeks, all expense included, for five hundred dollars.

You land at Queenstown, and go to Dublin by way of Cork, Blarney Castle, Killarney, Tralee, Limerick, and Galway; to Portrush (for Giants' Causeway), *via* Enniskillen, and go to Belfast; thence by steamer to Glasgow. Here you again take steamer, and *via* Kyles-of-Bute, Crinan Canal, Lochs Lochy, Oich, and Ness, and the Caledonian Canal, reach Inverness; by rail, *via* Elgin, Keith, Aberdeen, and Perth, you are back at Glasgow. From Glasgow, you go by Dunbarton Castle to Balloch Pier, and then come

Lochs Lomond and Katrine, with coach ride *via* the Trosachs to Callander, and by rail you get to Edinburgh through Bannockburn and Stirling.

Then, in their order, Melrose, Abbotsford, Carlisle, Penrith, Oxenholme, and Windermere; coach to Bowness and Coniston, steamer on Coniston Lake, char-à-banc to Ambleside; coach to Keswick, through Rydal, and Thirlmere, and through Lodore, Buttermere, and Crummock-Water to Keswick again; rail to Penrith, coach to Pooley Bridge, steamer on Ullswater to Patterdale; coach over Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside, and back to Oxenholme by Bowness and Windermere. Thence to London by Preston, Stafford, Rugby, Peterborough, Ely, Cambridge, Yarmouth, Ipswich, and Colchester.

From London a detour embraces Guildford, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Southampton. After Windsor (excursion from London) the route to Liverpool and the homeward-bound steamer lies through Oxford, Leamington, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, Birmingham, Shrews-

bury, Aberdovey, Barmouth, Carnarvon, Holywell, and Chester.

The next tour is indeed a delightful one to be made in a summer. It requires thirty-five days for mere journeying; and the fares, as I outline the route, will cost, from New York to New York again, two hundred and eighty-seven dollars. Second-class, except on steamers, two hundred and sixty-four dollars. You land at Liverpool or Plymouth, and go by rail to London, and either by Dover or Folkestone lines to Paris; thence to Dijon, Macon, Culoz, and to Geneva; by *diligence* to Chamouni, and over the Tête Noir Pass to Vernayaz, thence to Chillon, Lausanne, Berne, Thun, Interlaken, Giessbach, and over the Brunig Pass to Alpnach. After Lucerne and Vitznau, you make the ascent of the Rigi, and the descent to Arth, and go to Strassburg by Zug, Zürich, Schaffhausen, and Freiburg. Next comes Oos, Heidelberg, and Frankfort, *en route* to Mayence, where you take the Rhine steamer for Cologne. You go by rail to Brussels and to Antwerp, and take steamer for Harwich, and reach Liverpool

again by rail through London. This tour ought to be made in four months for six hundred and fifty dollars.

Another tour, taking in the following cities in their order, is a little more expensive: Liverpool, London, Harwich, Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam, Hanover, Berlin, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, Strassburg, Paris, Calais, Dover, and London, and Liverpool again. First-class fares, including steamer passage to and from New York, covering all these points, will cost three hundred dollars. Second-class, on railways, two hundred and seventy dollars. The time required for travel alone is thirty-three days.

Still another tour comprises nearly all the places of interest usually visited in France and Italy. It requires thirty-five days for actual travel, and the fares from America to America again, always first-class, amount to three hundred and twenty-three dollars. I cannot advise any one to try a second-class railway carriage in Italy, but by so doing this cost can be reduced to two hundred and eighty-six

dollars. After landing at Liverpool or Plymouth, you go to London, and, after crossing to Paris, visit Dijon, Lyons, Marseilles, Cannes, and Nice, in France. Then in Italy in this order: Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Florence, Venice, Milan, Como, and the Italian lakes; Milan again, Turin, and through the Mont Cenis Tunnel and back to Liverpool by Modane, Dijon, Paris, and London.

As the facilities become better, more Americans go to the East, and hundreds of our countrymen make the trip every season. The Nile is now easily reached in one week from London; the difficulties that formerly strewed the path through Egypt and the Holy Land have been in a great measure cleared away. It is, however, not desirable to make this journey except under the guidance of a courier, versed in the languages and thoroughly conversant with the customs of the countries. There is no end of trouble arising from the necessity of providing for one's self camp-equipage and food, since the food of the country, as there prepared, does not suit our travellers. The care of luggage

alone is such, that, if you undertake it personally, you will wish before you are through with it that you did not own an ounce. To travel independently in the East, unless under exceptional circumstances, is not alone very costly, but incurs troubles that greatly mar the journey as a pleasure-trip.

In London, every February, parties are formed not exceeding twenty persons, and of not less than ten, who put themselves into the hands of a conductor from a reliable tourist's agency, and deposit with him, or the firm in whose employ he is, a sum of money sufficient to cover all expense. This conductor, or courier, pays every bill, and makes every arrangement, leaving the tourist nothing to do but give himself up to the enjoyment of the scenes through which he is taken. Every thing being carefully arranged beforehand, there are few or no mishaps, such as are likely to arise in the East where horses, camels, dragomen, and tents are needed.

These parties usually take for an Eastern tour about three months, going through Palestine in the spring at the best season.

This tour can be made in one hundred and five days from New York to New York again, and for one thousand dollars. This cost is inclusive, providing for all expenditure save wine, laundry-bills, and incidental individual expenses. The burden of "fees" is lifted from you; fifty-six pounds of luggage may go with you, and, beyond locking your trunk, you know no care of it; beggars look to your courier as the representative of your pocket-book, and he alone scatters the backsheesh; the horse is always ready for you to mount in the morning, and the folding-bed for you to lie down upon at night. You lose not a moment's time or energy planning for any thing. It is the only way at present for the ordinary American traveller to go through the Holy Land.

The route after London is by Paris to Marseilles, where you take steamer for Alexandria, stopping at Naples. You go to Cairo and the Pyramids by rail, and through the Suez Canal to Port Said. From Port Said you get to Jaffa by steamer, and then follows thirty days camping-journey by horse through Syria by Jeru-

salem, Bethlehem, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, Nazareth, Damascus, and the Lebanon Mountains to Beyrout, halting at all the places of interest, living every day as in a dream. At Beyrout you take steamer for Constantinople, but skirting the coast, and touching at a dozen places, making an excursion from Smyrna to Ephesus, spending nearly a week at Athens, and finally, after visiting Constantinople, go by rail to Rustschuk. At the latter place you take steamer up the Danube for Vienna, and get back to London, *via* Cologne and Antwerp.

Persons travelling in such parties through the East, especially if there be two or four friends together, can be as independent of others in the party as of any fellow-travellers chancing to go the same way. It is possible to join parties made up in America in which each member is obliged to show, before obtaining a ticket, that he or she is of good moral and social standing at home. And so, as I know from pleasant personal experience, often they who set out together as strangers to see strange lands, come home near and dear friends for a lifetime.

In writing this chapter, how many scenes have arisen before me! Again I say, thank God for memory, —

> "Images and precious thoughts
> That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

And to you, every one, some time, —
Bon voyage!

[May, 1884, 20,000]

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